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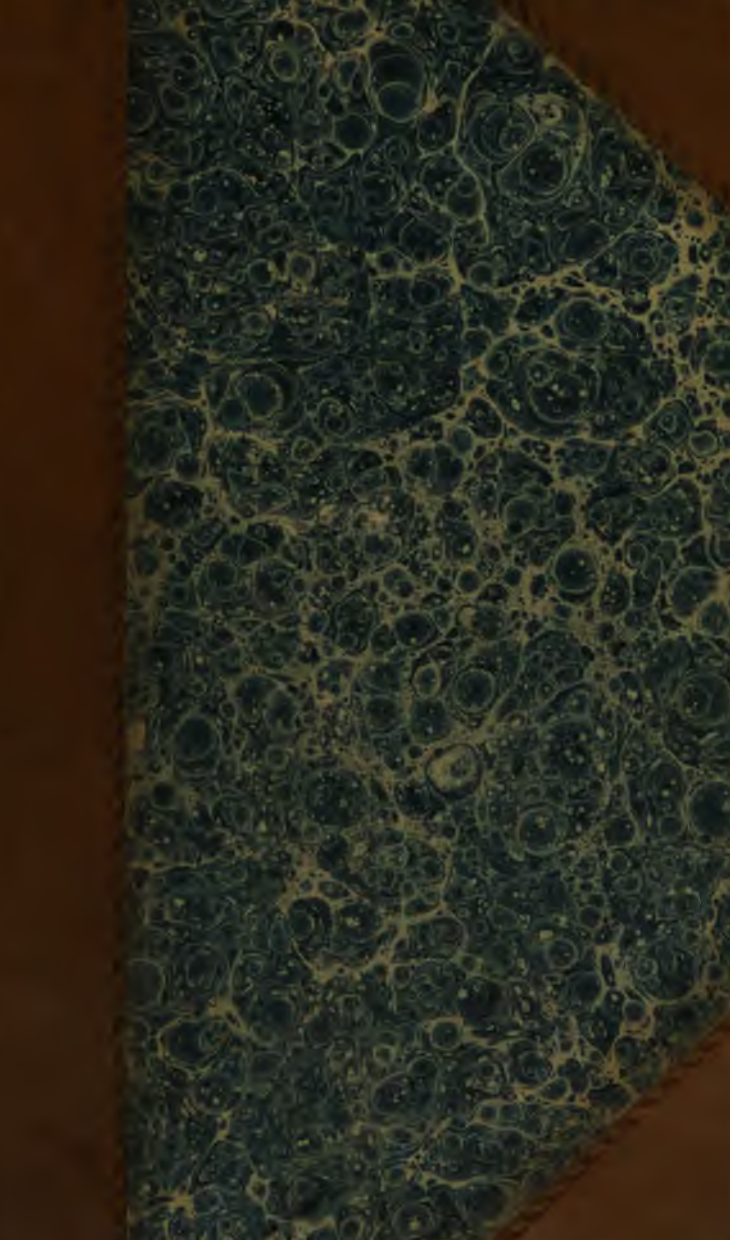
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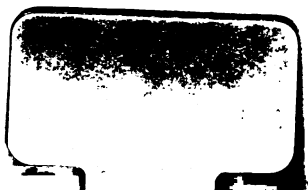
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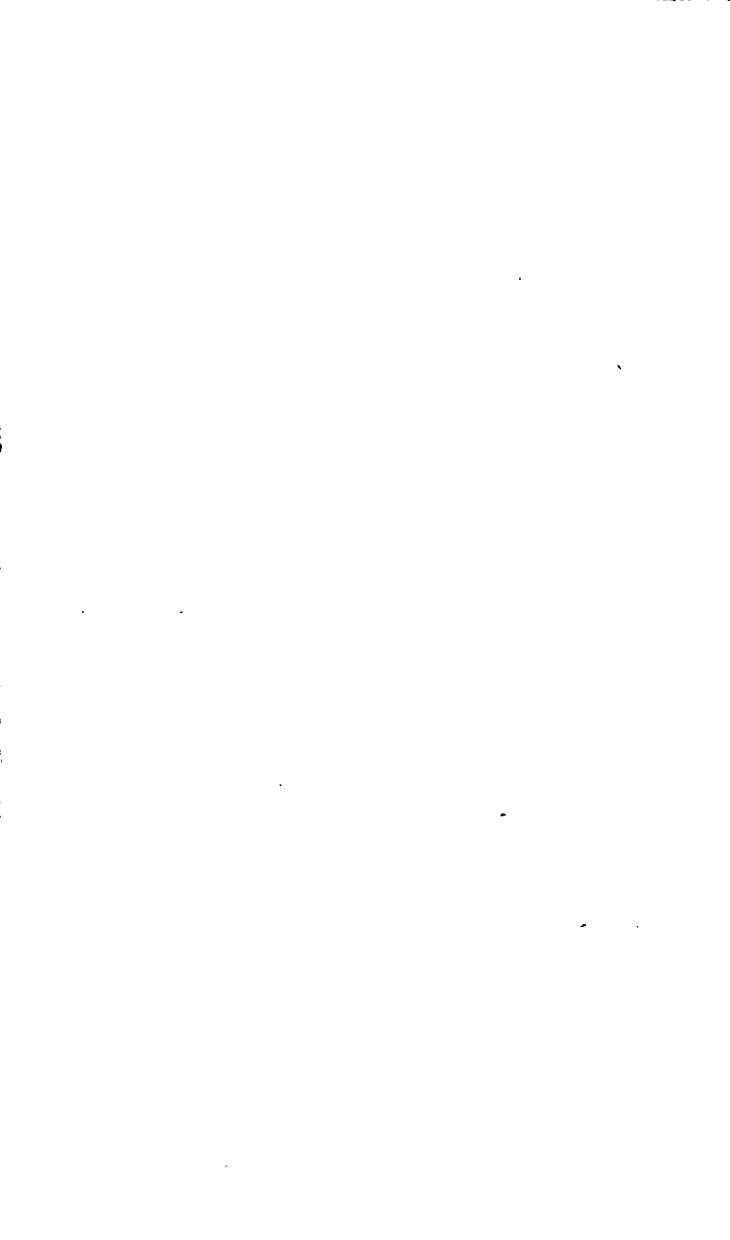


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THE
PRISONERS OF AUSTRALIA.
A NARRATIVE.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM," "INFLUENCE," "ESSAY ON
BODY, SOUL, AND SPIRIT," &c. &c.

LONDON:
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.
1841.

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TO

THE LONDON COMMITTEE

OF THE

“BRITISH LADIES’

PRISON VISITING ASSOCIATION,”

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

REQUESTED by many friends to lay before the public the substance of a journal, which, during my residence in Australia, I had forwarded to England, relative to the condition of our unfortunate prisoners in that colony, I do so with some hesitation, feeling how incompetent I really am, to do justice to a subject, not only of deepest interest, but one of too much importance to be unskilfully handled. Nevertheless, so far as this little volume may be considered as an appeal to the feelings of every woman in behalf of woman, I fear not that I have trespassed upon grounds, confined within the limits of political jurisdiction; and, connected as our efforts among the poor in England must be,

with the transportation of our prisoners abroad, I trust I shall be pardoned in having combined the interest of both, in a work expected, perhaps, to be more exclusively a history of Australia. But this I have left to its more recent travellers, and to those whose local information is more extensive than my own, and whose descriptive powers are better calculated to render its details interesting. I have, however, stated facts, and facts only; interspersed with suggestions, which I feel, indeed, may have been too boldly advanced: nevertheless the motive which induced them cannot, I think, offend or be mistaken. Called forth by scenes which might have moved an angel's pity, I have, in all simplicity of purpose, thus committed them to public consideration. May God direct the result, and teach us how we may best prevent future vice and irreligion, and avert the recurrence of transportation among our female poor! a class too long neglected, and yet one, beyond all others, whose principles necessarily involve the welfare of our society at large. Nor can it be but earnestly desired that so long as a prison

stands within the realms of Great Britain and her dependencies, we might see a greater extension of "prison visiting associations" among the ladies of our country and colonies; convinced that the exertions of those already actively engaged have been, in many instances, the providential means of leading the "disobedient, to the wisdom of the just;" and the ignorant, to the "knowledge of salvation."

As regards the "Prisoners of Australia," they who knew them in 1836, the period to which I have more especially referred, could bear witness that so far from exaggerating it, I have given but a faint outline of their moral condition, and have rather thrown a veil over the worst features of transportation, than exposed the greatest evils of its system. I have done so, under the hope that much has been already done to remedy them, and that soon they will altogether cease to exist. In the mean time, let us not slumber in our duties *here*. Upon *us* is the first claim, and our own is the greatest responsibility. Let every home, then, be the ground of earliest reform,

and every matron the example of her household; that, as pillars of one militant church, our British mothers, and our British daughters, may be numbered with the "Israel of God;" and at the last day, when the Lord shall open the "Book of Life," they may be found recorded *there*, as "blessed among women,"—"fellow labourers of prophets and apostles."

C. A.

Rose Bank, Wales,
May 1841.

THE PRISONERS OF AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

“ They are unprofitable amongst the works of God, and become like a blot in the creation.”—*King*.

WHATEVER be the motive which induces an abandonment of home and country, the feelings are probably the same in every breast at the moment of a last farewell! The most buoyant spirit of enterprise then yields a tribute to the mournful contemplations of “time’s changes.” Even in the ardour of the most youthful or sanguine anticipations, memory then awakens the retrospection of a thousand scenes which we are now, perhaps, leaving for ever; and of many a sweet and

sacred tie, which may not outlive the shortest period of our exile. Who can look upon the retreating shores of beautiful England, and not linger for a while in thought among its "happy homes," its "cottage homes;"—those gems of a "pleasant land" which can never be surpassed, and O how rarely equalled in the far-off landscape of a foreign clime? It is then, the fair scenes of our childhood are remembered as scenes which life can never see again, and the eye glances with a painful uncertainty through the vista of futurity, too well reminded by some mournful associations, that many a coming sorrow may mar the brightest visions of an imaginative spirit, before one hope which reared them can be realised. It was with some such thoughts as these, that I leaned languidly over the bulwarks of the "Camden" as she slowly made sail through the English Channel, leaving all that was most dear to me behind her. I saw not, indeed, the bright things which belong to less experienced years than mine. The living and the dead alike mingled with my saddened recollections; and

looking forward to my novel destination with all its precarious results, it was but with a pilgrim's eye, which read this moral on every passing wave, that for the soul earth has no resting place—no sure “abiding city:” but they who seek a home, where the heart cannot ache, nor the eye weep, must “press forward,” through the waters of a world of woe, to the “prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus,” in whom alone is “no variableness nor shadow of turning,” and in whose blessed kingdom only, can be found the calm of an untroubled sea, and the “joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not.”

A four months' voyage is as the passing away of a world. It has its seasons of summer and winter, of calm and tempest; its conflicts with human passions—its making and marring of pleasant hours. A universe lives within a ship, but its good and evil seldom mingle with our after career, so soon are both forgotten. On these then I dwell not; but I remember well the bright and beautiful morning, on which we were early aroused to look upon the splendid scenery which surrounded

us, as we passed through Bass' Straits, and opened before us as we entered the fair haven of Sydney. It was early in June, the winter of that southern clime, a season which, *there*, might almost realize the poet's fancy of an elysium spring. The sky was one cloudless canopy of ethereal blue, and the lights and shadows, falling in strong contrast over the rocks which begirt the bay, gave a rich finish to the magnificent harbour, into which we were so gently gliding, before a breeze that scarcely ruffled the waters upon whose bosom we were borne.

Sydney could scarcely have been seen to greater advantage than at that moment. The landscape was illumined by a thousand sunbeams, and the town irregularly built upon a sloping foreground, at once told of its progress in prosperity. More than one church already towered above other buildings, and as we caught sight of the more cultivated domains, which here and there enrich the coast, one would scarcely believe that sixteen thousand miles divided us from our "father land."

But soon such contemplations of outward

things gave place to the more undefined and indescribable feelings which arise within the stranger's heart when first recalled to a sense of its loneliness, in a country where is nothing of its own. This feeling in myself was, perhaps, peculiarly powerful, for I had left England unaccompanied by a single tie, and now a stranger indeed, I awaited the welcome of no familiar voice, nor a countenance beaming in glad recognition of mine; my destined home lying yet far northward of the port. This sense of utter desolateness must be felt to be understood: but, selfish must that spirit be, which can bear no part in the sympathies of another; so mine soon mingled with these, and gave many a responding tear to the joys and sorrows of those around me, although in either I bore no other part. It is scarcely possible to describe a disembarkation after a voyage like that from England to Australia. The passengers of the "Camden" numbered many; and few amongst them were not anxiously expected by friend or relative, who no sooner hailed the signal of an arrival, than they hastened to welcome the object of their

individual solicitude; and before our anchor was cast, or our sails well furled, many a boat pushed forward to be the first beside us, and to hasten the meeting of parent with child, brother with brother, friend with friend! It was a touching sight to witness the varied emotions which these meetings inspired. A father clasped to his bosom the son now grown to manhood, whom years before he had left a playful child; but nature needed no aid from memory to tell him who he was; with an impulse of mutual recognition, look answered look, while with one spontaneous voice, the words "Father!" "My son!" spoke more eloquently for both, than the most elaborate language could have done, from hearts less full than theirs! And friend met friend with the glad welcome of restored intercourse; some with the buoyant and unbroken hopes of youthful companionship: and one there was who met more sadly, but not less kindly, than the rest, for a link had broken from the chain which bound him as a brother to the friend who was now the first to greet him, and to ask him for his

bride; but who can trace the thousand springs of agony which must have mingled in that brief reply, "*She is in heaven!*" Such scenes mark but the common tide of human life. Our vessel anchored; her passengers dispersed; and few who parted then, will probably meet again on earth!

Letters of introduction opened for me a most hospitable reception in the amiable family of the colonial Secretary, whose urbane and benevolent kindness to me throughout my visit in Sydney, will ever be gratefully remembered, as tending so materially to soften the trials inseparable from the peculiar situation of one, standing "alone in the midst of many."

Having been commissioned by Mrs. Fry to investigate the state of the female prisoners at Paramatta, I sought an interview with the governor of the colony, anxious to take no step of personal interference unauthorized by his permission. I met with a most courteous reception from his Excellency, who not only gave me *carte blanche* to visit the factory when, and as often as I pleased, but also kindly

assured me of his cordial co-operation and assistance, in the formation of a ladies' visiting committee, similar to that of the "British Ladies' Society in England, for the reformation of female prisoners," if a sufficient number could be found in Sydney and Parramatta, willing to unite in such a cause. General report, however, gave me small encouragement to hope for success in such a proposal, or to go forth myself into scenes which others had found fraught with insult and disappointment; and I was even told by some, not friendly to my mission, that they were scenes, such as no female of education or delicacy could, with propriety, encounter.

But one, whose name will ever be recorded as doing honour both to her country and to her sex, has proved, in her own experience, that where woman will plead with woman, upon the broad ground of christian charity, and virtue go forth to the depraved,—*not* to condemn, but to persuade; to soothe, and not to irritate—the most iniquitous will scarcely fail to respect such sympathy, even should it win nothing beyond it. I therefore

resolved, if possible, notwithstanding all apparent obstacles, to execute my commission; *not*, as was in one instance uncourteously said—to take upon myself an office which no other lady there would venture to attempt, but simply, being pledged to report a faithful statement to those who had requested it, I felt bound by that promise, personally to investigate the object of Mrs. Fry's solicitude. My motive was at least a pure one, for nothing offered in the undertaking either of advantage or credit, and I was not unconscious of my own insufficiency to effect anything like a reform; it was only matter of regret to me, that those who might have been more influential, and far more competent, shrank from the proposed measures to accomplish it.

Aware of my desire to visit the prisoners of Paramatta, the hon. Secretary, whose generous heart seemed never to forget the wishes of another, kindly introduced me to the venerable Chaplain of the factory, who immediately, on hearing the purport of my mission, proposed, with true christian hospitality, my

passing a few days with his own family at Paramatta; an invitation of which I gladly availed myself, as offering an opportunity of seeing many objects of peculiar interest, not only connected with the prisoners, but also with the admirable institution for the maintenance and education of orphans and destitute children, first established, I believe, by the lady of the late Governor King. On the 17th of June, therefore, accompanied by the reverend Chaplain, and our mutual friend, Mr. George Mackenzie, I left Sydney in the afternoon by a steam-boat; and after a pleasant voyage of four hours, during which I truly enjoyed the picturesque scenery of the river, heightened by the rich tints of a glowing sunset, we reached Paramatta, where we found a carriage awaiting our arrival, in which we proceeded about a mile and a half to the minister's dwelling, and were cordially welcomed by his two daughters, who appeared too much accustomed to their father's wonted hospitality to be surprised by the arrival of a stranger guest. The good old man now rests from labour, we may humbly believe, "re-

joicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory," in that land of light, for which his life on earth was one continual preparation. He is gone !—but his memory will long—long be honoured as the patriarch of his people, the first who ventured upon the sacred, but arduous mission of converting, through the preaching of the Gospel, the heathen savages of New Zealand, and the founder of many good works which now stand as monumental of his zealous exertions in the colony of New South Wales. For nearly fifty years, he had "fought the good fight" of a christian ministry, and after a long series of inconceivable difficulties and many dangers, he was, when I saw him, resting in the bosom of an amiable family, blessed with an ample and well-earned independence. Forty years he laboured on foreign shores, and had seen them reared from a wilderness to a land of promise. He had just witnessed what he had long yearned to behold, the consecration of Australia's first bishop, at which he himself officiated, and on a much more touching scene mine eyes had never looked, than when the aged man, tears

streaming down his venerable cheek, poured forth, amidst a crowded and yet silent assemblage, the benediction upon *him*, into whose hands he had thus, as it were, to use his own metaphor, “yielded up the keys of a most precious charge;”—a charge, which had been his own devoted care, throughout the storms and the tempests of a long and difficult pilotage! And now, like another Simeon, his work well nigh accomplished—the Gospel spreading far and wide over the colony and its dependencies, and the prayer for his adopted people answered, he could say without another wish, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

A few months only had bereaved him of a beloved wife, who had nobly shared with him years of missionary toil and privation: he bade me look upon her grave from his own room window; but although he spoke of her still with tears of natural regret, he acknowledged that *his* loss was surely “gain to *her*,” and felt how brief would be their separation.

The dwelling of this reverend missionary

stood pleasantly upon a hill commanding a fine view of Paramatta, an extensive but scattered and irregular village about sixteen miles from Sydney. Everything about the house was so consistent with christian simplicity, that it reminded me of patriarchal times, such as my imagination has sometimes pictured them; and here I truly enjoyed the quiet evening of my arrival, for I was soon made to feel at home, in a family of so much unaffected kindness and hospitality.

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Mr. Marsden, having recommended an early visit to the prisoners, we sallied forth to the Factory, again accompanied by our valued friend. I found it a large and airy building, admirably situated for its purpose, but in all other respects ill-adapted, I thought, to be either a refuge for the unassigned convicts, or a prison for the more refractory. It was, however, capable of better arrangements, and the extreme cleanliness of every part of the establishment was worthy of praise. The prisoners were divided into three classes, the whole numbering at that time

nearly seven hundred ! My first introduction was to the first class, in which there were but few ; being composed only of such as had returned to the Factory from service, either in ill health, or for some slight aggression ; and for unassigned convicts, among whom were a few recently arrived from England, and one or two of these betrayed considerable emotion of shame and sorrow. Having spoken to them seriously, but I trust kindly, of their past conduct and present opportunity to reform, I distributed tracts, which they all received willingly, and some with thanks. I then visited the second class, comprising a larger number of prisoners, all of whom were there for punishment of deeper offences. In this class also, were the mothers of illegitimate children, or of infants too young to separate from the parent. These I addressed in more solemn exhortation, to which, nevertheless, they listened most patiently. I appealed, more especially, to the mothers of some of the really sweet-looking children, whose playful and unconscious innocence formed a touching contrast to the wretched beings who nursed

them; but, depraved as they were, many among them appeared deeply affected by my appeal to to their maternal feelings, when I reminded them of the double guilt they must incur, if these helpless infants were trained as partners of their own sin and shame. Many wept bitterly, and some answered me, that they would, indeed, rather see their children die, than live to be what they themselves had been, and were ! These also received the tracts I distributed among them with apparent pleasure, and many of them thanked me for what I said.

I had now to pass on to the third class; and here, I confess, I experienced some feeling of nervous timidity, from which I had before been remarkably free. Having been led to expect, from the prisoners of this class, (all of whom were women of the lowest description,) if not personal insult, at least, such language as delicacy might shrink from hearing, I felt that I would rather meet it alone, than with the gentlemen by my side; I therefore requested my companions not to follow me further, as I feared nothing of personal violence. Attended

only by the under matron, I then entered a large inner court, where I found, alas ! the far greater proportion of prisoners assembled together, all looking fearfully depraved ; and had it not been for a sense of God's sure protection and strength, I might have shrunk appalled from such a scene, where nearly three hundred women, of desperate and most degraded characters, were gathered in groups of sin and infamy ! some lying on the ground, apparently in a state of intoxication ; some sleeping, others quarrelling, swearing, and singing ! Immediately upon my entering the court, several of the women, as if from curiosity, gathered round me ; some with an air of defiance, as if expecting some unwelcome reproach : but this soon passed away, as I called those especially to come forward who had been in Newgate prison previously to their transportation, as to such I was the bearer of a message. I then explained to them that I was a stranger just arrived from England, and stood there as their *friend*, deeply concerned to see so many fellow-creatures of my own sex thus abandoned and punished. I spoke

of Mrs. Fry; her unremitting zeal in behalf of all prisoners; her anxious prayers—her unwearied exertions to benefit and reform them; and I appealed to them all, whether she deserved to be so soon forgotten, or her counsels so disregarded, as to have one of those for whom she had laboured, in that class of infamy and disgrace! I heard nothing in reply but some heart-drawn sighs, and I gathered courage to speak more fully upon their deep ingratitude to God, who had done so much to reclaim and save them, and still bore with them in so much tender mercy and long-suffering! Nothing could exceed the quietness, the attention, and apparent interest with which they listened. They answered not one word, either of insult or impatience; but some of them, gathering closer round, entreated me to listen while they told of wrongs which no one heeded, or seemed to care for: That bad masters and cruel mistresses often made them worse than they were; that in service they were treated “like dogs,” and seldom spoken to without an oath, or “as devils,” more than human beings. I heard

these complaints without contradiction, as, of course, I had no means of judging as to their truth; but I endeavoured to soften their feelings by reminding them, that whatever their sufferings, they had brought it on themselves; and although I was willing to believe that in some instances their complaints might be just, yet I called upon them patiently to bear with the results, to examine their own souls, and seek for pardon and repentance, leaving it to God to visit others for injustice, cruelty, and unkindness, rather than add to their own guilt by revenge and irritation.

Such is the outline of my first interview with these unhappy outcasts, and truly was I both surprised and gratified in being received amongst them, as I was, with so much patience and forbearance. Many, I may say the greater proportion, were in tears, and when about to leave them, many voices exclaimed, "Come and see us again,—do come and see us again;" which I promised, if possible, to do.

The next day, Sunday, the 19th, Mr. Marsden most kindly proposed that I should ac-

company him to the factory in the afternoon for the usual service and lecture; granting me permission also to pass an hour with the prisoners of the third class, to which I gladly acceded, especially as I found that the Roman Catholics, of whom there were many, were not compelled to attend to the Protestant service, and were consequently left without any regular religious instruction, the chaplain having no authority to interfere in their spiritual concerns, although their own priest, residing, I believe, at some distance, seldom visited them himself! On our arrival at the factory, the matron was desired to apprise the prisoners of my intention; and immediately after the service, leaving Mr. Marsden, I followed the under matron as before, and found the third class awaiting me, arranged in a circle round the inner court. There was a murmur of recognition as I entered, and to my great surprise several of them curtsied, a mark of respect which I found *very rare* in the colony. I then told them, that in compliance with the wish they had expressed of seeing me again, I had come to devote an

hour to them, if they would listen while I read a chapter in the Bible, at the same time requesting that all might go quietly away who did not like to hear me, as I did not ask any to do so against their will, especially the Roman Catholics ; as being myself a Protestant, as a Protestant only could I venture to exhort them. I paused a few moments, during which not a sound was heard, nor did one move away, but rather, drawing in a closer circle round me, they manifested the most perfect attention and good order. I then opened the Bible, and, after a short prayer, read that exquisite parable "the Prodigal Son," which I endeavoured to illustrate as applicable to their own case, so far as the son's disobedience and desertion of his father's home and love were concerned ; and that I fervently hoped it might, through God's grace and blessing, be as applicable to them in that son's *contrition* and return. I reminded them how miserably they were now living upon the husks of their own guilt and folly, while God, in his long-suffering patience, still spared them for repentance, and called them by every

means of grace and mercy to return unto Him, and to take of their Father's bread, even the "bread of life." I implored them not to trifle with so solemn an invitation, but at once to "arise, and go to their Father" with broken hearts, confessing their sins, their helplessness, their entire unworthiness; to go in humble faith, believing—*because the Lord hath said it*,—that, for the sake of his own anointed, He would not turn one suppliant soul away unpardoned! The robe of righteousness was ready to throw over them, even the garment of Christ's atonement; and the gospel door was open, if they would but enter in, and learn of Him who was gentle and easy to be entreated, even of the vilest sinner that trembled there before me; and He would teach and guide, correct and comfort them, and give unto them a *peace* which they never yet had known or tasted. But, on the other hand, time was rapidly hastening to a close the *day of grace*, and that if, indeed, they *would not* hear his blessed voice, and follow him;—if they *would not* accept God's offered mercy now in "the accepted time," destruc-

tion and everlasting misery lay before them, and, from a state of evil and wretchedness here on earth, they must pass on to a state of unspeakably greater anguish in the world to come, where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

As I thus expostulated, the prisoners had gradually so surrounded me, that I was compelled to entreat that they would fall back a little to admit more air ; but still they listened with anxious looks, and no sound was heard but that of sobbing. Anxious to avail myself of these awakened feelings, I here changed the subject, recalling to them the days of their early childhood ; their first step in sin, their progressive sinfulness, leading them on from crime to crime, until, hardened in repeated guilt, they no longer cared for their souls' salvation ; and yet it was a fearful, awful thought, that once born to being, in being we *must* ever remain ! We must die once, we might die the second death, *still* should we *live*—conscious and immortal beings—*for ever, and forever !* I reminded them of home, country, and of parents who had loved and reared

them, many of whom had, perhaps, gone down to the grave in sorrow because of their disobedience, while some might still be living to weep over the disgrace of their outcast children ! I asked them to tell me, what fruit they had found in those things, of which they were now ashamed ?—Whether, any one of those sins which had brought them to exile and sorrow, had ever made them really happy, even for one moment ? I entreated them to bear with me while I thus spoke plainly, and to believe that I did so only as their *friend*, deeply anxious for their salvation ; and not for one moment, as one who stood there to *condemn* upon the ground of a more righteous spirit, since I could only acknowledge that it was through the grace of God towards me I had been preserved from a state as destitute, perhaps, as their own : but knowing the saving and reconciling power of Jesus as my Redeemer, and the exceeding love of God's Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier, I longed to see each one before me partake of that blessedness, without which, we could neither be good nor happy ; but which could, even amidst the

trials and heaviest afflictions of this world, yield to us *all*, a joy and peace, indeed, passing man's understanding.

I reverted also to their situation in service, entreating them to bear with meekness the trials they might, in some cases, meet with from their employers ; never forgetting, that having, by their past conduct, forfeited the esteem and confidence, which only the upright and honest could claim, they must patiently bear the consequences, and strive by future well-doing to regain not only their own liberty, but the good-will of society. I was now about to leave them ; when two of the women, making way through the press, begged to speak with me. They had committed murder on the person of a Captain Waldron, to whose service they had been assigned. Report spoke of him as a highly respectable officer and a kind master, but not one who considered the religious instruction of his convict-servants, as important or practicable. The prisoners were both young and extremely pretty ; one especially lovely, with a countenance expressive only of mild melan-

choly, although I afterwards learnt that they were both among the most refractory and violent. The elder first approached me with a countenance flushed with passion, and was about to speak, when one of the women behind her pulled her back, saying somewhat to her which I could not distinctly hear; but again turning round, she replied aloud, "I am not going to offend the lady; I wouldn't say a word to make her angry, but she *shall* hear me;" and then addressing herself to me, she complained that she and her companion were always pointed out to every stranger who visited the factory as *murderers*, and they thought it hard that they could have no peace, but were "hunted like wild beasts," for a crime they never committed. I was afraid to irritate her by direct contradiction, but I ventured to say, that so serious a charge would hardly have been brought against them without some grounds. She repeated her denial of the deed, adding, "I am *not* a murderer, for I never meant to kill the man: we were in liquor when we beat him as we did, but we couldn't help it that he died, and

we were sorry for it, although he deserved it." I need not detail all that this wretched woman said in the vindictive language of anger and desperation. I took her apart from the rest, and, to turn the current of her thoughts, I asked her of her early life ; in reply to which, she gave me a brief outline—sad enough it was—of her first departure from moral principle ; for she had been, as I supposed from her language, better educated than her degraded condition might lead one to suspect. Again she alluded, with much bitterness, to the charge for which she was now in punishment for life. I replied, that I could readily believe the *act* of murder to be one of awful passion, and not of premeditated crime. Here she interrupted me, looking up with an expression of deep emotion, such as I can never forget, and exclaiming, " Then you *do* believe *that*."—" Yes," I replied, " I could scarcely think otherwise of a *woman*." Large tear-drops for the first time stood on her eyelashes, her lips quivered, her countenance betraying an internal struggle of awakened feeling which had long since

been perverted, mingled with that of angry passion subdued for a moment by a confidence on my part towards her, which she had doubtless forfeited of all else; and, after a brief pause, she said more mildly than she had yet spoken, "May God bless you for that!" while, with the corner of her apron, she hastily wiped away the tears, which, the matron afterwards told me, were the first she had ever been seen to shed since being there. I again assured her that I did, indeed, believe her so far innocent; but whatever her *motive*, she had, in fact, in a moment of ungoverned and most guilty passion, sent a fellow-creature without mercy to an awful tribunal, unprepared, perhaps, for so sudden and terrible a death; and therefore it was an especial providence of goodness towards herself, that her own life was spared for repentance and pardon, if in sincerity of heart she would turn unto God in prayer, with a resolution to lead a better life; but for the rest, she must submit to the consequences of her sin, and patiently bear with earthly sorrow and reproach. She made no further reply, but simply re-

marked, "If I had always been kindly treated, I wouldn't be as I am."

Again I entreated her to read her Bible, and to pray for a better and a happier state of mind; then, returning to the other prisoners, I once more addressed myself to them all, exhorting them to read the tracts I left with them, assured them of my interest and prayers, and that I should never visit Sydney without seeing them, if possible, although I cordially hoped to find few present in that class again. I cannot describe the touching scene which followed this farewell exhortation: some took hold of my cloak and kissed it; many were sobbing bitterly; others had fallen on their knees, and were rocking themselves as if in an agony of sorrow. I could not but deeply pity them; and feeling that, so far as their conduct on that evening was concerned, they deserved encouragement, I expressed myself gratified and obliged by the manner in which they had received and listened to me. I once more urged them to pray for repentance, and, turning away to leave them, there was a general exclamation

of—"God bless you! God bless you!—Come when you will, you will be welcome."

I now rejoined Mr. Marsden, who had for nearly two hours been patiently awaiting my return. He then took me to see the cells, in which those are confined who will not submit to the prison discipline, or are otherwise violent. It is a miserable punishment; for although the cells were clean and dry, they were very dark and comfortless indeed, a deal board their only bed! In one of them a woman was confined, in whom there was much that interested me, as giving evidence, I thought, of a generosity which, under happier auspices, might have given fair promise of a noble character. Why first condemned to the cell, I do not remember; but the sentence would have been but for a short period, had she not unfortunately protracted it by endeavouring to make her escape, under circumstances of great temptation. Some person or persons had, it appeared, forced away the padlock of her cell, upon which the prisoner left it, hoping to escape altogether by climbing over the wall of the court in which these cells are

built. This she accordingly attempted, and had attained the summit of the wall, when her foot slipping, she fell back again with considerable violence, by which she was so severely bruised, that she found herself incapable of moving. She was, of course, soon discovered, and sentenced to her cell again for a month, but was offered an earlier release, if she would inform against those who had dared to aid her escape. This, however, she obstinately refused to do; but as it was thought important to discover the offender, she was threatened imprisonment until she yielded to the condition of her comparative freedom.

Mr. Marsden mentioned these circumstances before her, adding, that it was her own fault she was there so long. He turned away to visit another cell, when I entreated her no longer to contend against what now appeared a duty to herself, and that, by denying what she must know, she was adding falsehood to her fault. She replied very quietly, "Indeed I do *not* know positively *who* it was that opened my cell, although I might guess it;

but *never* will I tell against them, as whoever it may be, it was a *friend*, and one who would have served me at the risk of their own safety. No, Mr. Marsden may keep me here till I die ; I will say no more than what I have said." To this I could really make no reply. The resolution was worthy of a better cause. She spoke calmly, and her countenance, which was naturally pleasing and intelligent, betrayed nothing of anger or resentment ; so far from it, she said she did not blame the master for being angry because she tried to get away ; she knew well enough, when she did it, that it would be worse for her if she could not get through with it ; but she thought it hard to be kept there because she would not get another into trouble, who had only done a good deed for herself. I could not but feel deeply sorry for her, acting as she had done under the impulse of a strong temptation, although it was doubtless necessary for the discipline of the prison to make an example where an exception could not be allowed. I pleaded her case, however, with Mr. Marsden, and, after some expostulation,

obtained the promise of her release, as a favour to myself, in consideration of the interest I had manifested towards the prisoners.

We now returned home, but my heart was too full of sorrow for those whom I had just left, immediately to regain cheerful feelings. I went to bed, chastened by the scenes of human misery which I had witnessed, and I trust humbled under a deep sense of God's peculiar mercy towards myself, in all those providences of grace and education, by which He had led me on from infancy, through many trials, many sins, and many blessings, to that faith in Jesus my Redeemer, which, like the rainbow of promise, throws light and hope around the darkest and deepest of earthly trials, preserving us from a state so fallen, as to feel neither the love nor the fear of God !

From what I had heard of the factory, I was surprised as well as thankful, in having been so well received and so patiently heard ; and am persuaded that if some of the ladies in Paramatta would unite in a visiting committee, similar to that formed in London and other towns of England, much good might be

done, if only in softening the irritated feelings of those unfortunate females ; and we might look for a yet further blessing in means used for their welfare. The difficulties of such an undertaking are, in Australia, however, doubtless great, and such as in England can be only faintly imagined. Be that as it may, it is evident that were the prisoners reproved and warned with mildness and kind persuasion, they would receive instruction, and patiently bear with those who manifest an interest in their melancholy situation. I can only speak from my own experience, and my testimony is not exaggerated, that although really *hemmed in* by a crowd of nearly three hundred women of the most abandoned characters, I heard not one word which could offend the most refined or delicate mind ; so far from it, fallen as they were in sin and shame, still many an ear was open to the voice of the Gospel, and many a heart responded to the sympathy of a Saviour's love ! I stood *alone* among them all, with no defence against insult but that which the Bible afforded me ; yet, during an interview of two hours, the

only language which I heard was that of *blessing*, the only sounds which fell as murmurs round me were those of bitter weeping, although I said many things which human nature, even in its best state, feels hard to bear !

I grant that all this may have been called forth merely by a temporary excitement, which the very novelty of my visit,—fraught too as it was with powerful associations of home and happier days,—was calculated to induce; but whatever the *cause* of those awakened feelings, it proved *them capable of impression*; and who shall say that such impression will in all cases die without fruit? Who shall dare so limit the love of God as to say, such sorrow must be vain? And it may be, that soon these better feelings passed away, and the heart, which for a moment gave hope and promise of future well-doing, returned to the mire of its own wickedness again: but *would* it be thus, if counsel and exhortation were reiterated day by day; line upon line, precept upon precept? No, weak must that faith be which can so far doubt the

power of God unto salvation, or dare to act upon a spirit of despair, where Christ himself has declared, He would in "no wise cast out" the trembling soul which should come to him for "life and light and resurrection:" for that the blood of Christ was shed for the remission of *all* repented sin!—And who would refuse to bear that hallowed message to "them that are in bonds," because we see not the hand which can alone lead "captivity captive." Means only are ours, mercies are the Lord's; but they must be unworthy indeed who reject the one, because over the other we have no control: and they who think it a light thing to see another sin without an effort to reclaim the sinner, may in his own hour be also *left of God*!

It has been said of the factory at Paramatta, that its inmates are "*so bad*" that nothing can be done for them! and the same thing is often asserted of convicted prisoners generally. That they *are* "*so bad*" should surely be the strongest appeal to every christian mind to aid in immediate remedy, and *that*, with all the force and energy which

human efforts can command. Let us pause, then, before we venture to pronounce any fellow-creature to be beyond the pale of reformation, since peradventure we might find that they, whom we so condemn, are in the sight of God less guilty in their ignorance than we, with all our responsibilities of education, of knowledge, and of grace. Let us rather trace the causes of so much crime among the beings of our own sex, and we shall find them to originate, in far the greater proportion of offenders, from the neglect of those who *might* and should have taught them how to seek a safer and a happier destiny.

CHAPTER II.

“ May we find acceptance, praying for their conversion and return ; and that their wound may be healed.”—*King*.

GOD has declared that punishment is His “ strange work, the necessary infliction upon sin, as a law of justice, which the holiness of Jehovah cannot repeal, but which His mercy sanctifies to the restoration of the sinner, to whom a full and free pardon is offered, in and through the righteousness of that blessed Mediator whose blood was shed for the salvation of fallen man. The question, then, forcibly suggests itself to every thinking mind, that since punishment is thus a work of equal *justice and mercy*, for what end was it instituted ? and every word of the Gospel answers it was instituted—not for the *degra-*

dation, but for the *reformation* of the convicted sinner.

Man is the appointed instrument by which God's moral laws are exercised; the authority of such a commission is one of the highest trusts which can be delegated to man; and to his Maker, man must stand responsible for the sacred charge of judgment upon a fellow-creature. But alas! how is this trust administered in the case of our exiled prisoners of New South Wales? On receiving sentence of transportation, they are imprisoned in England until the time of their embarkation, and during such an interval they are, generally, favoured with the instruction and religious admonition of visitors and others connected with our gaols, whose benevolent exertions have, in many instances, been signally blest; and that they are not more extensively so, is perhaps the fault of the system which casts the poor prisoners from such care to the combined evils of contaminating examples and neglect of religious instruction. I speak not of their voyage. It is, I believe, generally intended that the surgeon, to whose

care the convicts are judiciously assigned, should act also as their christian teacher, and some, we may hope, have done their utmost to promote the spiritual as well as the physical health of their unhappy charge; and many instances there are in which the convict has entered upon her novel life of exile with an humbled heart, and earnest desire of amendment. But what was their reception in that exile under the assignment system, which was in operation at the time to which I allude? They were indiscriminately allotted to the service of the settlers and other members of the colony;—in some cases, indeed, to masters who conscientiously provide for them every means of reformation; but such masters were comparatively *few*; the greater proportion, it was well ascertained, made no provision whatever for the religious instruction of their unfortunate servants, who were, in such situations, exposed to every temptation of evil, and so circumstanced must soon altogether lose the feeble spark of latent shame, which had promised better things, because all around and about them

were levelled to the same dreadful condition of living without God in the world !.

Then, to what were those exposed who, on their arrival at Sydney, were not immediately assigned? Their only refuge was the factory of Parramatta, which is also the receptacle of more aggravated offenders. It is true there was a subdivision of its inmates, but the factory did not admit of such a separation of classes as could prevent the fatal admixture of the more venial with the most iniquitous; so that, the bad soon became worse, and the most depraved held sway over the trembling novice in crime. Here I am tempted to quote one instance (from many similar) in proof of this assertion: that of a young woman in the first class, one of the recently arrived convicts not yet assigned. Her countenance and quiet demeanour peculiarly attracted my attention, as manifesting a more subdued and sorrowful spirit than was evident in the generality of her companions. In reply to my expressions of regret to see one so young, and apparently respectable, in such a situation, she answered, tears filling her

eyes, “ Oh ! I did wish to do better, but it’s no use *here* : and though I have seen a deal of wickedness, I have never been where there is so much badness as there is in *this* place, and nobody takes account of it.” She then added, that when she left Newgate she sincerely desired to lead a new life : she had heard more of God, and of the dreadful consequences of sin, than she had ever before known ; and she blessed Mrs. Fry and the ladies who had led her to hope for mercy through the Saviour ; that when she entered the factory, she thought of these things, and resolved to read her Bible, and to pray as the ladies had charged her to do ; but the blessed book was torn from her hands, she was scorned and insulted, and left in no peace at all, until she “ gave over being sorry.” Upon inquiry, I found that she was by no means a solitary instance of such treatment, nor could I learn that any measures were taken to prevent this cruel tyranny of the depraved over the penitent.

Another prominent evil, and doubtless the very source of many others, was the want of

occupation for the prisoners throughout the factory, none whatever being provided beyond the mere household work of the institution, which could, of course, employ but a small proportion of its inmates; and that, for only a very brief part of each day. Here I would ask, where is the mind, even among the morally virtuous, which could stand against the complicated evils of *total idleness*?—and that, too, hedged round by such examples of blasphemy and vice, as must wholly eradicate every feeling of shame and self-respect? Nevertheless, such a state rendered the factory, of course, a place rather of *preference* than punishment to the ill disposed, so much so, that several in each class told me, in excuse for being there, that it was *their own choice*;—that they had committed offence in service on purpose to be sent away, nor had they a wish to leave the factory, if they must go back to service again, where they were “treated like dogs and worked like horses.” To what could such a system tend, but to create dissatisfaction against employers, and encourage a spirit of defiance and idleness?

In the factory they were well fed, well clothed, and comfortably lodged, with little or nothing to do, leaving wickedness to prey upon itself ! and going forth from such a den of infamy, with all the uncontrolled habits of a sinful life, can we feel surprised at the complaints prevalent throughout the colony of the iniquity of convict servants ? But to what can this be traced, if not to the very system itself, which provided so little for the reformation of these convicts, who were indiscriminately thrown into service, not only wholly unprepared to fulfil its duties, but with every temptation to rebel against them ! At the period to which I allude, the chaplain of the factory was appointed to officiate only *once* on the Sunday, no provision whatever being made either for a weekly lecture, or for any further religious instruction : nor were the Roman Catholic convicts compelled to attend even that one sabbath service, although they themselves told me that their own priests had seldom leisure to visit them more than once in three or four weeks ; and to avoid the restraints of even this one weekly attendance upon divine wor-

ship, the matron informed me that several Protestants had become Roman Catholics. To one of these I especially addressed myself, anxious to learn the grounds of such conversion. I questioned her on several points of her newly-admitted faith; nothing could exceed the ignorance of her answers. She assigned no other cause for her conversion than that it was a "blessed thing for a poor creature like her to belong to the true church," the only church whose ministers could forgive sins, without her having the trouble to read the Bible, "a book she could never understand;" and the priest had told her, that if she would follow the doctrines of the Romish church she should surely be saved, and he would grant her absolution for what she had done, as heresy had been the cause of all her misfortunes. She freely acknowledged to me that she understood nothing of what she professed to believe; adding, with great apparent indifference, that it was laid upon the priest to do and to say what he pleased, and that it was not for her to contradict him, nor to heed what any one else might tell her, who

was not of the *true church*! This appeared to be the concentration of her new faith; that what she called the "*true church*" (words of magic spell to her mind) was religion, and all out of that church was heresy,—"*why*, she was sure she did not know!" Of course, I do not mean to insinuate by these statements that such ignorance prevails universally among Roman Catholic converts, but the substance of her creed is, doubtless, the fatal error of *all* who embrace so fearful a doctrine, as that of absolution through human agency. These details, however, bear upon the evidence I would fain prove, that when I visited the factory, nothing could be worse than the system then in operation respecting the transportation of our female convicts; and it being now probable that the assignment law, which a short time since was repealed, will be again in force, it behoves every Christian to inquire into its regulations, and to plead for such arrangements as may insure to every prisoner, not only ample means of religious instruction, but such a trial of conduct as might afford opportunity of per-

manent reform, and, with God's grace and blessing, give promise of a better and happier life than hitherto led, while treading through the fatal haunts of temptation, guilt, and disgrace. Upon the abstract question of assignment we presume to offer no opinion. To the colonist it is doubtless a very important one, but it is yet more vitally so to the objects whose higher interests it more especially involves. Those whose opportunities of judging have been greater than mine were, have rendered a fearful picture of the results which have hitherto arisen from the trial; nevertheless it might, perhaps, under better restrictions, be made to work more favourably and even beneficially to both parties. To effect this, every female convict, previously to her assignment to service, should pass through the term of a year's probation, during which she should be allowed every possible means of instruction, occupation, and encouragement. The factory of Paramatta might be rendered eligible for a house of correction and hard labour; but surely, there should be an asylum apart from this, in or near Sydney,

in which to receive the better class of prisoners who manifest a desire of doing well, which arrangement would avoid the dreadful admixture of characters such as I witnessed at Paramatta. This asylum might be established as a penitentiary in connexion with those in England,—a branch of the same noble charity. It should be made strictly a *house of industry*, in which all might be admitted who received tickets or testimonials from the prison authorities in England, recommending them as objects worthy a probation. This would be a great encouragement for them to leave their country with hope and resolution to reform. Let them be separated in wards or classes, according to the nature of offence for which they are exiled, their previous character and circumstances. A laundry might form a part of the establishment, which would be a public benefit to the inhabitants of Sydney and its neighbourhood, and each class might, according to their ability, be employed in various kinds of work, such as binding shoes, plaiting straw, making bonnets, hats, shirts, knitting, &c., all for public sale, which

we conceive would produce a considerable profit, even if at the rate of *English prices*, in aid of the institution. The penitentiary to be provided with a resident married chaplain, whose sole object should be the charge and instruction of its inmates in the daily exercise of prayer, reading the Scripture and catechisms, with at least one evening in the week set apart for divine service, and an appropriate lecture. The sabbaths to be employed as our adult Sunday schools in England, giving tickets of reward, valuing from one penny to sixpence, according to the degree of merit to be rewarded, for steady conduct during the week ; which money might be well applied in clothing, when they enter service after their appointed probation. Such an asylum as this might be an incalculable benefit, and with God's blessing, which would assuredly rest upon it in a greater or less degree, many a wanderer might go forth from such care and training, restored to the fold of Him who, as their "good Shepherd," would reclaim, and guide, and bless them during the residue of their earthly pilgrimage ; and after

this life of mortal conflict would take them to his Father's kingdom, "washed white in the "blood of the Lamb,"—to that kingdom, where neither sin nor sorrow should again have power to tempt them from His blessed care !

From a probation like the proposed, the prisoners might be sent to service, really useful members of society, and better meet to be the associates of the more respectable emigrants, who have hitherto suffered, in many instances, from their companionship with convict fellow-servants. But here, too, there should be restrictions. No colonist should be permitted to take a servant from the Penitentiary without a pledge of their receiving religious advantages in the daily exercise of family worship, and such rest on the Sunday as is compatible with the duties of that holy day. Under some such preliminaries on both sides, of which a mere outline has here been imperfectly sketched, we can believe that the assignment of prisoners to the service of respectable families might be made the means of blessing to the one, and of essential benefit to the other. The factory of Paramatta

might then become a valuable institution, as one set apart for punishment *only*, but equally provided with every means of religious instruction, blended with such discipline and labour as the nature and extent of offences merited. In this, also, should be a subdivision of classes; but here we would give no other reward than that of rising to the highest class, and so passing on to the Penitentiary for probation, whenever the prisoners deserved the trial. Here, too, the silent system might be found to work advantageously. We have seen its good effects in many of our home prisons, and the necessity for it, in those of Australia, may be yet more urgent. The treadmill, in a climate like that of Australia, would be out of the question, at least for females; but there are many other laborious employments which might be substituted with equal benefit. During the administration of General now Sir Ralph Darling, a loom was established in the Factory for the manufacture of a coarse cloth for the use of the soldiers, sailors, &c., which, I believe, was found to answer in giving suitable

and ample occupation to the prisoners. It was removed by order of his successor, Sir Richard Bourke, in consequence, as his excellency himself courteously informed me, of the heavy additional expense it needlessly, he thought, incurred upon our government; cloth, for similar purposes, being imported from Yorkshire and elsewhere at one-third the cost for which it could be made at Parramatta. Such appeared a reasonable ground of objection against the loom : but it is equally true, that at no period was the Factory so full of prisoners as when I saw it; its very idleness being, as I have before stated, a charm to its inmates; consequently, we are not sure whether, even upon mere pecuniary calculation, the expenditure in maintaining so large a number of unemployed convicts would not give a balance in favour of the loom. Be this as it may, can it be a question to outweigh the justice due to the higher interests of our unfortunate exiles? What will it be to our nation, if *they* who hold the solemn responsibility of punishment, suffer minor considerations to interfere with the far more impor-

tant duty of reclaiming, at *any price*, those whom their delegated authority has been compelled to judge and condemn? Will not God visit for these things? Will not the souls of all who are exiled by such authority be required of *us* who neglect them? The law is emphatically our “schoolmaster to *bring us to Christ* ;” such is its end, whether morally or spiritually considered, and such is the express commission invested with the power given by God himself to every magistrate and ruler and governor who holds the serious and most sacred charge !

We can say nothing upon the ground of national *policy* ; nor of the necessity which is urged for political economy and retrenchment. Of this we can be no judge, nor would we venture to assume an opinion, so misplaced, as to where that retrenchment might be best made. But every woman must feel deeply interested in woman’s welfare—deeply interested in the reinstatement of character, in which that of her whole sex is implicated, and at stake ! and surely we do no more than justice in believing, that not one

within the British realm would refuse to lend aid in a work so weighty in its consequences—not one who would refuse to give the utmost of their means in administering to the reformation of convict prisoners. And regarding it in a mere individual light, of what deep importance is the conversion of these convicts, who in their restoration to freedom, if not before, go forth again to take their places in the domestic circles of our own emigrated kindred and people; examples, either of good or evil, to the rising generation of Australian homes !

That the expense of such institutions as we have proposed would be very great, we are quite aware ; but we also believe, that in this instance, the well-known adage, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," would be literally verified, and that once established, they might, in a great measure, be supported by the profits arising from the labour of their inmates, especially in a country where labour is so highly rated. And might not a tax be reasonably demanded of the colonists, say of a guinea a year or upwards, according to the

class of servant required, for every one taken into service from the Penitentiary until the term of their sentence be expired, when, of course, they become again independent of government, and free to claim the wages of an emancipist? Such a tax, we presume, would go far towards the maintenance of the probationists, and be but a very small charge upon those who might thus be provided with useful, and perhaps deserving servants. Subscriptions from England and the colony would do the rest, so that in fact this plan, once organized, would, in all probability, be one of considerable saving rather than of increased expenditure to the home government.

Another important consideration should be, the selection of those appointed to hold authority over the prisoners, and this throughout *every* department, from the principals, to the lowest menial. Hitherto, many and most fearful evils have arisen from a want of caution in this respect. Assuredly, the governor and matron of all such establishments, should be, not only characters of known integrity and strictly religious principles, but also of such

education as would render them competent to fulfil the higher duties of so arduous and important a trust, and to command the respect and obedience of all who are placed under their control; nor can we doubt, that many such persons might be found willing to undertake the charge, among our valued and devoted missionaries. The *subordinates* of the establishment should also, without any exception of office, be respectable *emigrants* of unblemished character, and *not convicts*, as was, and I am told, still is the case: nor can we think it desirable that *men* should hold any appointment in the interior management of such institutions, as can possibly be fulfilled by females. And here we are tempted to refer to one appalling feature of the system in operation at the time of which I speak—the abhorrent privilege granted to convict labourers, if, with consent of their employers, to go the Factory—as if to a slave market—for a wife!—to choose from among the abject inmates of that prison of iniquity, the most sacred of human ties! Alas! how fallen must that woman be, who could thus

bind herself for life to the destiny of a man, whom before that hour she may probably have never seen ; and who, from his very situation *as a convict*, must have forfeited all claim to woman's respect ! What then must be the result of a union so fearfully unprincipled in its motive ? Is this a measure calculated to reclaim the fallen mind, which must sink irretrievably lower, by the very consenting to a compact so insulting to every virtuous feeling, so incompatible with the principles of christian reform ! To effect such reformation, should we not rather strenuously aim to restore the self-respect which sin has blighted ? and with this in view, punishment should surely be devoid of all that can even remotely degrade, or it will tend to harden and confirm, those baser passions which we would fain subdue and eradicate. Oh ! would that in our fellowship with each other, we more closely followed the example of *Him* upon whose authority we profess to act, in the exercise of our moral laws ! How did *He* win back the lost sheep of his Father's flock, and lead them from the captivity of sin to the

freedom of adopted children ! Where justice demanded the penalty of a retributive law, did He institute *one* which did not directly tend to raise the fallen mind to principles of exalted virtue?—even to the very principles of his own unsullied righteousness? Look at what Christ did—at what Christ *still* does with every transgressor, whom he corrects, for life and repentance? Does *He* implicate the offender in any forfeiture, which can taint the offence with a deeper shade of shame? No; he subjects our bodies to pain, our passions to coercion, our liberty to restraint; but in all this, he never compromises the dignity of an immortal soul ! He may see it needful to inflict stripe upon stripe, sorrow upon sorrow, that so he may bend the stubborn will, and break the callous heart; but he gives to every blow a sanctifying power, holding out the assured promise of pardon and everlasting life; He heals while he wounds, and reclaims while he reproves. Nor can his blessing rest on any human agency that does not thus “*work together for good,*” for the *vital good* of every soul, which sin has

alienated from the favour and the *peace of God!* And when affliction has done its work of grace, and the stricken spirit has replumed her wounded wings for renewed ascent to the kingdom of heaven, then is the trembling sinner received back to the bosom of a gracious Father; and, sealed with the great atonement of a Saviour's blood, is hailed by the hallelujahs of cherubim and seraphim—unheard indeed by mortal ears, but echoed throughout the new Jerusalem by angels and archangels rejoicing over the sinner that repenteth, while proclaiming to all in heaven and in earth the glad tidings of peace here, and of “goodwill towards man.”

On the other hand, what has hitherto been the *punishment* of transportation? Banishment from home and country has, in the majority of cases, been no punishment at all; so far from it, the assignment of prisoners to immediate service has often been highly advantageous to the temporal interests of the convict, although it has but opened another door for the triumph of vice and irreligion. How many instances are on record of soldiers

deserting to share the brighter destiny of a convict ! and of convicts giving such glowing colours of their captivity abroad, as to induce their far distant friends, and brothers and sisters, to the commission of crime *purposely* to be alike sentenced to an exile fraught with such advantages ! One such case fell under my own observation : that of a father, himself a prisoner, rejoicing in the transportation of his child, declaring, when told of her delinquency, that he was “ *glad* she had been sent over any how :” she would “ settle better in the colony than she could do at home,” and would be no worse for what she had done.” Surely something must be lamentably at fault in a system, which can thus produce a rejoicing in iniquity, and that too within a parent’s heart !

Make transportation a mean of wholesome discipline, of judicious correction, of mild but uncompromising coercion, and it might then become a blessing indeed, as an instrument in God’s hand, of reclaiming thousands from ignorance and depravity ; as it is, every reflective and generous mind must weep over its

results, and tremble to see a fellow-creature sent forth in sin, to where sin need hardly blush to own its sinfulness and shame.

Enough has now, perhaps, been said in evidence of the evils connected with the transportation of our female convicts ; and yet, those who know the colony may bear me witness, that I have given but a very faint outline of those evils, and the fearful effects arising from a system so inconsistent with its professed designs. And in speaking thus exclusively of convicts, we have followed the subject through a very limited range of consequences. It bears more widely upon the welfare of our poor emigrant population, than can well be imagined by those unacquainted with the colony ; but to this we can only partially refer in our present narrative, and if the convict system should happily be reformed in some of its most important measures, the emigrants will soon experience its beneficial effects. There has not hitherto been a sufficient distinction made between the parties ; so far the reverse, that it is now a well-known fact,—for it has lately been especially

brought before the public notice,—that the convict often enjoys advantages superior to those of the emigrant; offices and emoluments being given to the one, which should exclusively belong to the other; and it is also well known, how many instances there have been, and are, in which convicts, even *previously* to their emancipation, have acquired property and influence wholly inconsistent with their disgraceful banishment! The effects of this obvious injustice upon the emigrant need scarcely be detailed; but we would venture to assume it probable, that if the system of assignment were adopted under the restrictions which we have dared to suggest, many evils would be remedied, which are now so heavily complained of by all parties in New South Wales.

Perhaps we have said more in favour of the assignment of prisoners to private service than many will deem warranted under the circumstances of its past failure; but having, nevertheless, seen it work as a blessing in more than one establishment, where the colonists really study and provide for the higher

interests of their unfortunate convict dependents, we are justified in expressing a persuasion, that it *might* be made more generally conducive to such interests, and consequently to the interests also of the whole free population of Australia.

The settlement of Port Stephens is one of the few which offer a striking evidence of this remark. It is situated about sixty miles north of Sydney, on the eastern coast of New South Wales; and a more exquisite landscape can scarcely be found than surrounds that little bay, which, nearly enclosed by rocks and wooded promontories, and studded with islands, like "gems in a silver sea," rather resembles a lake, on whose bosom the angry waters can never swell, than an inlet of the ocean, such as it really is. The settlement was, when I knew it, an extensive one, if we include that of Booral, a few miles further on the banks of the Keruah river; which, together with a vast tract of country, belongs to the Australian Agricultural Company. Sir Edward Parry, who was appointed the company's commissioner, fixed his abode

at Port Stephens, which he found a wilderness, but left it, indeed, a land of hope and promise. Long will his name be remembered with love and reverence for services which can never be requited by earthly reward. No, his reward must be from on high, in that blessed recognition of a good and faithful servant, who, while fulfilling the charge of an earthly stewardship, remembered the yet higher trust of a heavenly commission ; and planting his Father's vineyard with scions of the "tree of life," reared a church in the barren deserts of a heathen land, which, through ages yet to come, shall tell of the power and mark the goodness of our Saviour God ! Sir Edward Parry, laboured as a missionary among the convict servants of his extensive establishment, contending with a thousand difficulties ever incident to a spiritual reformation. He, nevertheless, worked steadily on with a persevering zeal, which no opposition could daunt or dismay. He set the first example of regular family worship ; established a sabbath service according to the form of our national church, in a carpenter's

shop, which was fitted up as a temporary chapel. There he preached the glad tidings of salvation to the reckless beings who formed the people of that isolated little colony. He also erected a small but beautiful church on the rich borders of the calm Keruah, where a flock soon gladly assembled to join in the sweet incense of prayer and praise, where never prayer was heard before. His example animated others to do the like ; and his deeply lamented successor, the late Colonel Dumaresq, followed up the good work throughout the increasing township of Stroud, and every other settlement of his own dependents whose general good conduct, order, and obedience, proved how much may be effected by kindness and discipline, even with the most refractory, where the groundwork of that discipline is laid upon a spiritual foundation, the only foundation on which a man may work with an assured blessing on himself and others. Another church had just been completed at Stroud, wholly, I believe, at the expense of the Agricultural Company, whose liberality in all arrangements connected with the welfare of

their officers and servants, deserve the highest commendation. A chaplain had been appointed to take spiritual charge of the united, though scattered, settlements of Port Stephens, Booral, and Stroud, who officiated alternately at each of these stations, and, assisted by a few lay friends, a service was generally administered twice on every Sunday to the convict population, while his own life and character bore evidence of the blessedness of a pure faith. Schools and other christian designs were contemplated, tending to the future, as well as present welfare of the prisoners and their helpless children; and having myself sojourned for fifteen months in this little oasis of the desert, I can speak impartially of the effects of such privileges upon the lowest grade of human character. And to me it was often a touching sight to witness the deep attention and earnest countenance of many an exiled outcast, as they listened to the simple but effectual preaching of their beloved pastor, while he taught them where to find a Saviour who could do for them—what they could not do for themselves

—redeem them from their fatal captivity, and give them pardon, peace, and salvation. Congregated in a carpenter's shop, the prisoners uniting in our hymns of simple melody: some partaking with us, from time to time, the blessed sacrament in remembrance of Christ's atoning death and resurrection!—the cloudless sky, bright with ethereal glory, spreading its blue canopy over the landscape, which, rich in natural beauty, still seemed blighted by its desolateness: the soft plashing of the waters as the tide drew them to our silent shores; and, here and there, lying around our lowly temple, scattered groups of native savages, whose ears, fast bound by heathen ignorance, could not, and would not listen to the words of life, which called *us* to vigilance and contrite prayer;—all, all formed a scene of such peculiar and unspeakable interest, that no words of mine, no language of human tongue, can define the impression with which I so often went on my homeward way again, rejoicing in the omnipresence of my risen Saviour, who *there*, as in the most gorgeous temple of civilized Europe, looked

from his throne of glory, and interceding with the Father in our behalf, sent forth his ministering angels to consecrate our simple worship, and to record within the "book of life" each name among us, which, to the eye of an all-searching God, bore with it the credentials of a living, practical faith, and of that pure and lowly spirit which can alone "see God."

It was at the close of one such sabbath day as this, that I once sallied forth for an evening stroll, and wending my lonely way, almost without a motive, save for the refreshment of a cool sea-breeze, which at that moment was springing up with the rising tide, I unconsciously wandered to a convict's hut which stood on the borders of the coast. Attracted by the sound of voices, as if of children reading, I paused to listen; and although still too far from the dwelling distinctly to hear the subject of such discourse, I saw through the open doorway what was passing within. The father of the family, *a convict*, sat near the entrance, with a young child on his knee; while three older ones

were grouped around him reading from the Scriptures, which, from time to time, he explained to them, and appeared earnestly exhorting his children to love and obey God, even as they were required by the will of God to do. Unwilling to intrude upon a family thus engaged, I returned home unperceived by those who had thus attracted and interested me; but on the following day, I heard from the lips of his own wife, the circumstances of this convict's transportation, and of her own heroic resolution, from the moment of his condemnation, never to leave or to abandon him, whatever might be his destiny. Providentially he had been assigned to the service of the Agricultural Company, and, under the christian teaching of Sir Edward Parry, both he and his wife had, humanly speaking, been led to see the folly of worldly wickedness, and the deep importance of those better things which now formed their highest privilege and consolation. Her husband, she said, had long since become a reformed character, and was now all that she could wish as a christian husband and father.

This account was afterwards confirmed to me by others, who spoke of him as an honest, industrious, and most deserving man ; and I also found that he gave many sweet evidences of his sincerity as a professing Christian. He never entered upon his daily labours, nor lay down to rest at night, without reading a portion from the Bible, and gathering his little family around him for prayer and thanksgiving. He devoted all his leisure hours to the instruction of his children in reading, writing, and arithmetic ; and many there are who might add their testimony to mine, that these children, who never failed in their attendance on the church services, behaved with a quietness and reverential attention, during the time of such services, that might prove them examples to many of our own more civilized families at home, who are educated with far higher advantages. These blessings were among the many fruits of the missionary exertions of Sir Edward Parry and his now sainted lady, who both lived in the grateful affections of many a chastened heart, long after they had ceased to take a

personal share in the interests of that far distant colony. And if this be a case rather of exception than of *general* result, it is by no means a singular instance of excellent conduct, good order, and, at least, of moral reformation among the convict families of Port Stephens and other settlements connected with it, under the admirable government both of Sir Edward Parry and his talented successor. I would also instance the establishments of St. Heliers and St. Aubyns, the adjoining possessions of that successor and his excellent brother, situated on the border of the Hunters' River, about one hundred and eighty miles north-west of Sydney. The former has been already noticed by Dr. Lang in his publication on Australia, as the best organized farm in the colony. And *why?* Because the blessing of God was made the paramount interest, and christian instruction the basis of its moral discipline; while every encouragement has been given to the efforts of industry and good conduct, and vice been visited with firm and judicious coercion. The scenery around St. Heliers is

mountainous, and, to the eye of a stranger, is both wild and striking. The farm formed an extensive establishment, about half a mile from the private dwelling-house. Its superintendent and his family were Scotch emigrants; the wife, a singularly pleasing woman, possessing both piety and good sense, not always blended in the same character. She was surrounded by a large family of well-trained children, and everything around and about her, was so beautifully clean—in such perfect keeping, to use a painter's expression, with the simplicity of her station, that I could scarcely realize the many disadvantages to which she was nevertheless necessarily subjected. The superintendent's house properly stood in the centre of the prisoners' "camp," as it is called, a neat range of small wooden huts or cottages, each containing two rooms with a small garden, and shaded by a verandah which protected them from the burning rays of an Australian sun. Many of these were ornamented with a vine, which gave to them an additional appearance of beauty and comfort. Far removed from the

superintending care of any clergy, the beloved proprietor of this extensive property had not neglected to provide for the spiritual welfare of his exiled dependents. Divine service, and a sermon, was regularly read to them, together with rest, and every means of instruction afforded them on the sabbath-day which circumstances permitted. Rewards also were occasionally distributed to the industrious and well conducted, both among the men and women. Regular hours were preserved, and good order maintained, as far as possible, where the master was himself necessarily removed from the personal charge of his estate; but never, I believe, were the returning visits of an absent master hailed with more grateful and cordial welcome, than those of him who was beloved, respected, and honoured by all, even by those who also feared him. Alas ! he lives no more to meet such earthly welcome from his own again; but many must wish to see his like in others, and none who knew him can ever forget that benevolence and unwearied kindness which sought the happiness of all around him : nor could there

be a stronger evidence of a noble and generous mind than the anxious desire which he ever manifested, to mature those works of faith and charity throughout the settlements of his public jurisdiction, which had been founded under the pious auspices of his more experienced predecessor.

The establishment of St. Aubyns was favoured with yet higher advantages; for although neither so extensive nor so advanced in its exterior operations, it had the privilege of a master's immediate superintendence, who was himself peculiarly fitted for the duties of an arduous and most difficult stewardship. Here, too, the whole structure was raised upon the solid groundwork of religious principles. Yes, and under circumstances of discouragement such as few can imagine, who know nothing of Australia—who have never experienced the persevering opposition which, perhaps, in every country, more or less follows upon the tread of a Christian's influence; but above all, where such influence is isolated, unsupported, ridiculed, and often slandered! Nevertheless, amidst all

this, the respected proprietor of St. Aubyns steadily pursued a course of government which has been singularly blessed to many, and by united firmness in discipline, and uniform kindness and consideration towards his convict labourers, few masters in the colony have been so influential as himself, in promoting the reformation and well-being of his dependents. Morning and evening his family assembled for religious worship, at which all his household domestics were required to attend. Every Sunday morning he met the convicts of his farm establishment in a large barn arranged for divine service, as well as the nature of the building would admit, his own family being also present; while the Roman Catholics, whose attendance was not compelled, were nevertheless required to appear neatly dressed and ranged with the others, as prepared for prayers, that none might absent himself from the camp on that hallowed day, unnoticed by the master's eye; but such as declined uniting in the Protestant prayers were expected to return quietly to their respective huts during the hours of

divine service, that they might at least have time and opportunity for private devotion, if they chose to avail themselves of it according to the dictates of their conscience. The remainder of the day was equally marked *as a sabbath*, no work being permitted but that of actual necessity; even the family dinner was dressed on the preceding day, that the example of the master might prove to the servants how sacredly important he considered those duties to be, which were enforced upon themselves; and to all this was added affectionate exhortation and counsel, whenever circumstances called forth interference, reproof, or advice. Another admirable feature of judicious management was the permission granted to the prisoners of St. Aubyns, of working after their appointed hours of service for pecuniary remuneration, according to the rate of free labour. This was a most beneficial and generous arrangement, although one which I have heard greatly censured by the more selfish and illiberal, as making the servants of other settlers dissatisfied with their own allotment: but this is

taking a very narrow view of philanthropy ; better had it been for such settlers, had they too done the like, rather than condemn a system which not only provided an honest encouragement for voluntary labour, but thus employing leisure hours for the interests of the industrious, saved them from many a temptation of drunkenness and vicious companionship, so peculiarly enticing to minds perverted by a long course of habitual sin and idleness. Such devoted and disinterested care could not fail of producing vital benefits ; nor do I hesitate to assert, that *many* who came to their destined captivity, ignorant, depraved, and profane, have become faithful servants both of God and man ; manifesting their genuine repentance, and sincere desire to depart from all iniquity, by a change of heart and life, which soon springs up in fruits of grace and reformation. Some such have expressed to me with much feeling, that to the pious influence of their invaluable master and mistress, under God's blessing, they trace that change and happier state of mind ; and have deplored that their earlier career had

not been blessed with such guidance and guardianship !

The history of one young man, more especially, might interest the readers of this little narrative, and prove a striking instance of the power of christian example ; but delicacy towards his still surviving and highly respectable family compels me to throw a veil over that history, as regards its saddest features, which they must desire should rather be now buried in oblivion, save in the bosom of him whose life they have most deeply and fatally affected ! I will therefore merely say, that the guardians of that fatherless young man, who loved and trained him as a son, have expressed to me their grateful conviction that to his master and mistress they—humanly speaking—stand indebted for the reformation of their unfortunate charge, who, now perfectly restored to the affection and forgiveness of his afflicted family, has long since manifested towards them such a sweet spirit of contrite meekness and obedience, that they must for ever supplicate blessings on those whose influence has thus reclaimed their long-

lost treasure. But they have annexed one striking condition to their continued reconciliation and favour; that he should never—through the temptation of *any* inducement, however fair in promise, or lucrative in emolument—willingly quit the service of his present employer, until the expiration of his sentence allows him to return once more to his own home and family; although born to far better prospects, he is now but a *livery man-servant*. The venerable relative, who told me this, added with tears, “Yes, I would rather leave him as doorkeeper in a christian family like that, than know him receiving thousands, as the wages of a less secure and honourable servitude.” And many other are the instances I might detail, in which the convicts of St. Aubyns have said, that they never knew either the love or fear of God until they learnt to know them *there*.

I state these facts, which in that secluded colony have hitherto passed away, like the silent flowings of a watercourse, that gliding from its upland spring gives life and verdure to the vale, although unnoticed and unknown

amid the turmoil and the din of a troublous world. I state them, *not* in panegyric of human efforts, but to prove what *has* been done, and may yet be done, by the greatness of God's power and love, where the instruments of that power work faithfully according to his divine will, in the stewardship of means which is assigned to man, and for which man is so seriously responsible. Such faithfulness may be subject of raillery and contempt to those who are blind to its importance; and they may smile derision on the "*ultra christianity*" of principles which must oppose those of their own infidel indifference; but such taunts alter nothing of God's revealed and irrevocable decrees, that they who "make a mock of God," or of his righteousness, "shall perish;" and woe to that soul which shall cause another to offend!

Oh! should these simple pages ever meet the eye of some, who, through ignorance or indifference, sanction the false and fatal sophistry, which, alas! I have but too often heard defended, that to evangelize the prisoners of Australia, in the yet infant state of the

country, would “do more harm than good”—that to “institute a sabbath in the wilds of a penal settlement would only tend to encourage vice, where idleness, one day in seven, must lead to worse profanation, or to a fanaticism yet more fatal to the interests of masters, who, having neither time nor means to be themselves religious, might vainly impose religious restraint on others under their control!”—Oh! let such sophists pause, ere they thus stand as a “breach in the wall” betwixt God and God’s appointments!—pause, ere they thus venture to defy, by so bold a reasoning, the commands of Him who has left nothing open to such daring dispute, but has, in the eloquent simplicity of divine truth, bid us go forth even to the “uppermost parts of the earth,” and draw *all* men to Christ, that all men may, by faith in Christ, be saved and sanctified! Such is the sacred charge committed to our care, and such the hallowed mandate which no argument of human reasoning can disannul or change! Alas! that there should be found *one* within the family of God’s created children who could desire to

deface a Gospel so lovingly, so mercifully devised !

On the other hand, how blessed is he, who, with the disinterested zeal of a christian disciple, labours to fulfil the heavenly mission of grace and mercy ; “ let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.”

The Christian, indeed, may, while working the will of God in faith and patient well-doing, have to work through a conflict of his own infirmities ;—to fight the good faith through a warfare of outward trials and contentions ; and against the arrows of the wicked, all which may irritate our fallen nature, and oppress the spirit even in her upward flight !—but, through it all, he finds an abiding peace which “ passeth understanding ; ”—a “ hope which maketh not ashamed ; ”—“ a joy unspeakable and full of glory ; ” for it is the joy of the soul’s union with its risen Lord and Saviour ! Yes ! *there* he finds “ strength in weakness,” comfort in sorrow, light in darkness, life in death ! And

though oft-times wounded in his earthly course by dispensations, merciful in purpose, but still hard to the frail and feeble temper of erring man, yet he “knows in whom he believes”—knows that He on whose grace he alone depends, can never, never leave him in his hour of need—will never forsake him, though heart and flesh may fail! For He, who bids us take up “*a cross*” and follow Him, has borne our nature too; and although without sin, yet was in all points tempted even as we are; and touched with the feeling of our infirmities, that risen Saviour still liveth to make intercession for every meek and faithful servant whose trust is on Himself! Let such, then, take courage, and go on their way rejoicing. Time is quickly drawing to a close, the painful pilgrimage of their earthly probation. Then, at the great harvest of a general resurrection, the Lord will recognize His own for ever, and take them to the kingdom of His Father, there to share with Himself the glories of His exalted heirship! Yes! “washed white in the blood of the Lamb,” they shall rise triumphant to join in

the hallelujahs of angel and archangel ! and entering into the “ joy of their Lord,” sorrow shall flee away, and sin have no more power to afflict them !

But, in that tremendous hour of final separation between good and evil, what must be the hope of those who, having defied the Lord of life, and set at naught alike His precepts and commands, must perish for ever as the enemies of a crucified Redeemer ? Of those, that with infidel and unbridled passions have reviled the Gospel, and despised the “ *ultra Christian*” who discharged with meek obedience its blessed mission ? Oh ! what would they not give, could they *then* exchange for *his* happy immortality their own dread sentence of an endless woe—to be *then* among the redeemed of Christ, whom once they vilified and hated.

May we all ponder these things with prayer, and, while time is yet our own, find grace to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold of that “ better part” which shall never be taken away.

But to return once more to the subject of

our narrative, have we not said enough to warrant a persuasion that much might be done for the reformation of our convict prisoners, consistently with the interests of the colonists? Let the system of transportation combine instruction with restraint on the one hand, and christian discipline with generous authority on the other, and both parties, under such restrictions, may become a mutual blessing to each other. At the same time, we cannot think the immediate assignment of prisoners to service is desirable. Surely they should first pass through a term of *punishment* and probation, before they are admitted as members of a domestic household? Justice, both to the colonist and the convict, requires this; and perhaps it might also be well to adopt a dress something in design like that of our charity-schools, neat, but not derogatory to mark the distinction between an emigrant and a convict servant, the want of which is often most painfully felt by the former.

In thus detailing the effects of transportation, I have limited myself exclusively to the

system as connected with our *female* prisoners. To abler pens, and to the judgment of more efficient minds, I leave the yet deeper question of what is required for the no less important interests of the convict-men. I can only trust that God himself will graciously direct that question, that with His blessing on the result, some means may be appointed to secure the accomplishment of a permanent and complete reform !

CHAPTER III.

“Are not our ways more evil than their ways?
and *our* sin, above the measure of *their* guilt?”

King.

WHEN contemplating the history of transportation, the mind naturally turns to consider whence arises the fatal influence, which, acting on the moral principles of society, breaks away so many links of its best and sweetest bonds? For, when we ask, *what* forms the blessedness of a domestic *home*, we limit not the question to the rich man's dwelling, nor to the abodes of luxurious plenty; but, taking the whole range of God's family on earth, from the palace of princes to the cottager's hut, we ask what constitutes its happiness? where lies its treasure? and every heart will answer, that harmony forms the one, and in virtue, lies the other. Christianity, indeed,

will take a far higher standard, and reply, that both these, without the basis of her own religion, must pass away like the mist of a summer's morning: but the moralist will cherish them still, as needful to his peace; and without them, piety herself must find earth but a vale of tears.

Oh! how devastating then must be the poison, which, destroying the peace of so many a poor man's home, sends sorrow and remorse throughout a land which *might* overflow with "milk and honey;" so abundantly is England blest with the rich and manifold privileges of Protestant Christianity; privileges both of spiritual and moral advantages, which have raised her to a state of pre-eminence, universally acknowledged to be peculiar to herself, in her long course of prosperity. And if the sun of that prosperity be indeed overshadowed, who, or what has raised the cloud which dims the brightness of her national glory? It is surely they, who, abusing the gifts of God, have converted them to a curse, and who, despising his commands, have "sown to the wind, to reap the whirlwind." But

as according to the measure of our means, so must be the judgment of our stewardship, on those lie the greater guilt, who, having received much, give back but little, and holding the sacred trust of another's welfare,—the highest trust which God can delegate to man—have “hedged it round with thorns,” and spread a tenfold woe over the soul thus wrecked by selfish indifference, or the yet more cruel wrong of evil guidance. Else, why is it that from year to year our prisons teem with convicts, and our ships go freighted still with exiles, banished from blessings which might have saved them, and from hearts, which if broken by their shame, yet love them even unto death? Oh! could we see into the homes thus desolated, by blighted hopes and joys for ever marred, who could look upon the scene of woe and wailing with hearts untouched by mortal pity, or without a wish to remedy the ill which so often brings ruin to a poor man's dwelling?

Oh! if there be a class of human beings more deeply to be pitied than another, among the people of our land, it is that of our female

servants; who, for the most part, go forth from an honest parent's care, to earn their bread in the service of less humble life; but, alas! how often to reap the wages of iniquity, which, but for that service, they had never learnt or known. Cut off, like tender scions, from the parent tree, ere yet matured to strength, meet for the tempest and the storm; how many a young and guileless cottager leaves the lowly but still virtuous home of her childhood, full of life and hope, to stand alone, where, exposed to every temptation which can assail a virtuous mind, she is soon influenced to believe, by the examples of those around her, that her own will is her heritage; and that to do what others do, to go where others lead, is the prerogative of independence, which none but the weak-hearted will sacrifice or dispute. The lessons of that home are remembered no more, while those of pride and insubordination destroy the feeble germs of better principles, and finally ruin a mind which might have been, as one of the ransomed jewels of a heavenly diadem.

. Where lies the *sin* of this? Is it not on

those who, in hiring the services of a fellow being, become the stewards of a soul which God will surely require at their hands? O it is no light thing to be the master or the matron of a family, and yet how thoughtlessly are its sacred duties generally embraced; how wickedly are they too often neglected and abused !

Now it pleased God, in His wise and wonderful mastership of a populous world, that the family of man should, in their interests, be so bound together, as to form a chain, which the removal of one link must break. Dependence on each other, therefore, formed one of the first and most momentous designs of the Creator, in the divine arrangement of a peopled universe. To this end, so eminently calculated to promote all that we can conceive of perfect harmony, order, and universal benefit, it was necessary to ordain different states or grades of human kind, each appointed to act a separate office in the general society, but all equally essential for the well-being of the whole. Thus, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of time, all the revolutions

which have marked the progress of creation, mankind has been divided into rich and poor, however varying in the degree of wealth and poverty; and one of the most remarkable passages of scripture is, that "the poor shall never cease out of the land;" a striking evidence of the *necessity* of moral distinctions in the moral government of God's rational creatures. So, from the earliest period of patriarchial jurisdiction down to the present date of civilization, the same unerring decree has been as an unalterable law, that masters and servants, whether bond or free, from the throne down to the peasant's hut, should be linked as a mutual tie, which neither the one nor the other can break, without fatal injury to the interests of both. But this implies no *inequality* in the administration of God's *blessings*, nor of man's responsibilities. "The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." The same law which binds the rich to God, binds the poor man too. Life is the probation of both, and immortality has no shades of blessedness for either. Earth has her princes and her

peasants, but in the kingdom of heaven there is "no respect of persons." And, as if to enforce this doctrine by practical evidence, "He, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, took upon Him the form of a *servant*," and in that form, the King of kings became "*obedient* unto death;" and by the unspeakable, the unimaginable sufferings of an ignominious death and passion, purchased salvation and eternal life, for every soul within the family of God's creation, who, through faith in Himself, would meekly do the will of the Father, "every man according to the measure of his gifts." If, then, we assume equality as regards the blessings of God, and yet acknowledge abundance on the one hand, and pining want on the other, we still advance no contradiction in principle. Every gift comes balanced with an attendant care and proportionable responsibility, whether it be wealth, rank, power, beauty, or talent; and these can produce nothing in the scale of *happiness*, save in the measure in which they promote the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. No; happiness is an abstract

principle, dependent upon no merely adventitious prosperity. "Godliness with contentment is great gain:" but, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." And why? not because God is partial in the administration of His gifts, but because *in God himself* can alone centre the principle of happiness, whether in heaven or on earth: and though man may choose to live "without God in the world," no man apart from God *can be happy*. In this sense, we presume, St. Paul spoke of "being poor, yet making many rich," "having nothing, yet possessing all things." "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;" so that, we maintain and scripturally assert, that *if* there be an advantage on either side, it is rather on that of the poor; since in poverty and privation there is a humiliating tendency favourable to the reception of divine truth; while in affluence and prosperity there is a tendency to pride and selfish ease, equally unfavourable to the culture of heavenly things. Why, then, should we dare suppose, as some are disposed

to argue, that because vice and irreligion are, alas ! predominant among the lower orders of our people, that God designed it should be so ? No, history abounds with proofs of the reverse ; the whole economy of nature goes to contradict so impious a surmise, and the Bible is replete with the evidences of God's peculiar solicitude over those who need Him most. But, if the beautiful structure of His providence has been marred, it is *man* and *not God* who has disorganized the system, and to man alone can be traced the distortions of a broken compact ; for man was made vicegerent of His *laws* as well as of His rights ; and when God assigned to him the high trust of human interests, it was, and *is*, to " feed His sheep ;" to "*lead them into paths of righteousness*, for His name's sake ;" and " beside the still waters" of peace and love ; to drink of these waters from the " well of life ;" a mandate, synonymous with " power from on high," to execute a master's charge, over the poorer and weaker brethren of God's heritage : that at the coming of the Lord in glory, He may receive " His own again with usury ;"

nurtured and trained by the servants of His vineyard, like branches purified and pruned, meet for their portion in the "tree of life." Such is the compact betwixt God and His appointed stewards, whether the stewardship involve *one talent or ten*: and if there be failure in the administration of moral ordinances, we repeat that the disorganization lies in *man's disobedience*, and *not* in any imperfections of God's exquisite economy. But to contend for the equalization of *moral rights*, is tantamount to rebellion against the just appointments of Him, whose righteous sovereignty all are bound to acknowledge and respect. Alas, that mortal pen should thus be found wandering amid the heights and depths of Almighty counsels! That the finite should thus be called to defend the infinite! The very act seems one of such bold presumption, that we feel constrained to say, may the Lord look favourably on the motive, and forgive the daring venture which thus intrudes into the secret things of the Most High, while the very cherubim of

heaven veil their faces, ere they bow before His throne, to worship and adore.

Having now proved it the obvious will of God, that the dependents of man should by man be protected from evil, and advanced both to moral and spiritual good, we would bring these remarks, more especially to bear upon our subject, as regards the relative duties of master and servant; between the matron and the members of her domestic household, whose influence and example form the master-spring of family prosperity, and, in the aggregate, of *national* prosperity too.

If it be a peculiar prerogative, which surely it is, to hold place among the higher appointments of God's moral government, such appointments are necessarily replete with cares and responsibilities, which counter-balance the advantages annexed to superior or influential stations, beyond such, perhaps, as belong to those of more implied inferiority. But the mistress of a family, who, in that honoured character, let her rank in life be what it may, really fulfils her place, as a

christian example to all who stand within the pale of her authority, may emphatically be styled the "blessed among women." Ages yet unknown shall bear the record of her praise, and when time itself shall be no more, the Lord will recognize her as "His own" for ever, in that day when He shall "make up his jewels," for the glory of His Father's kingdom. For who can limit the influence of the righteous? their works follow them, as good seed multiplied to a rich harvest of heavenly fruit, which, from generation to generation, spring up, a countless host of never-ending blessings. But, alas! how small is the proportion of christian mothers, and christian matrons, who are thus faithful to their charge! How many, who, amiable and well principled according to this world's designation, engage in the deep responsibilities of the matronly office, without one serious thought of the sacredness of that most solemn stewardship, which she thus pledges herself to fulfil; involving not only her own account with God, but the happiness, ay, it may be, the very salvation of many,

who must fall under her jurisdiction ! And yet, we *cannot* think it *would be so*, if it were known to what extent, evil and sorrow, disgrace and shame, follow as the consequences of her neglect or bad example. Oh ! to such, then, would I now appeal, whether as wife, mother, or mistress, by the strong testimony of living evidences, which cannot, will not, surely be offered in vain. For I can bear witness that, so far as their history is known to me, few are the exceptions among the many convicts, both at home and abroad, whose first fall may not be traced to the temptations and wicked examples, to which they were exposed, during the first years of their servitude, in families of well-connected and respectable society.

To detail the individual history of such, would fill many pages, perhaps volumes ; but as illustrations from real life may carry with them more striking and interesting evidences of the evils to which allusion has been made, than the most elaborate moral of mere theory could do, I will offer a few such examples from the simple annals of humble history ;

concentrating in these few, the lamentable consequences which, unhappily, are not confined to *exceptions*, but are rather, the too general result of *neglected servants*.

Perhaps one of the most touching cases which I can remember, amongst many others of similar story, was that of a young woman named Amy, a child of poor but honest parents, who had trained her well, and given her the best advantages which their situation admitted, in the sequestered village where her father was employed as a farm labourer; and was a thriving man, until a long and severe illness reduced him to poverty: his subsequent death dispersed his little family. Amy was much beloved in the circle of her lowly home, as an artless and obliging girl; and was soon well recommended to the service of a lady, who, finding "London servants *so bad*," resolved to try some from the country: she had married a man possessed of considerable property, and was the mistress of a very large establishment. To poor Amy the situation offered every temptation, and cordially was she congratulated by her village friends

upon the bright prospects to which she seemed so unexpectedly destined ; her mother, alone, expressed something like anxious foreboding, lest “ Amy should grow proud,” and forget her station among the “ great servants” of a “ great lady :” but their circumstances admitted of no choice, and giving her child the best advice in her power, especially entreating her never to forget her religious duties, nor the “ sabbath day,” she parted from her with that aching heart which is, perhaps, inseparable from the maternal character, when, for the first time, the tie of a child’s dependence upon herself is loosened at least, if not for ever broken. But she, too, was soon called from such earthly cares, and the orphaned Amy was left with no other dowry save her own principles and industry ! She entered her new home with the buoyant hopes of sixteen : all around her was splendour and luxury ; and even her wages, as an under-housemaid, far exceeded the expectations to which she had been trained. Her mistress had herself engaged her, during an accidental visit in the neighbourhood whence

Amy was removed; and there was so much of sweetness and condescending kindness in the lady's manner; so much in her whole aspect, which, at once, claimed the love of those whom she addressed, that the mother of Amy felt comforted in believing that her child would be under the authority and guidance of so gentle a spirit. But, alas! that spirit held little, or no influence over the dependents of her own power. All authority was assigned to the housekeeper, and other upper servants of the establishment; while their mistress remained ignorant, not only of the tyranny exercised over the subordinate members of her household, but of the yet more important evil of vice and immorality practised, without restraint, by many of them. And, it is a remarkable fact, that from the first hour of her engagement to that of her leaving the situation, a period of nearly three years, Amy never but *once* again saw the mistress by whom she had been hired! The poor girl soon found "all was not gold that glittered:" that, in entering service, she had entered a world of wickedness, surrounded by

examples such as she had been taught to shun. The account of her first sabbath there was peculiarly touching, and it was related to me by her own lips, on her dying bed. Accustomed, at home, to regard it as "a day set apart," she, as was her wont, dressed herself in all her best, to be in readiness for church, having, with great alacrity, got through all, that she considered was her due portion of work. Meeting the housekeeper, she was immediately asked, "Why in the name of wonder she was dressed out at that time of day!" and having simply answered, that it was time to go to church, the housekeeper exclaimed, "Bless the girl! why, your betters cannot get to church: much less *you*, who are wanted high and low! Don't you know, child, we have more to do here on Sundays than on any other day of the week? so, like a good girl, go take off those nice clothes again, and do all you can to help us, both up stairs and down." This was not spoken unkindly, far from it; but Amy thought of her mother, and her home, and she wept bitterly. Some weeks elapsed, and she made no effort

to do what seemed contrary to the general rule of her master's house, but rather became more reconciled to its ungodliness. A letter, however, received from her mother, reminded her of duties which she was neglecting; and in accordance with the wishes of that honest parent, she determined to seek an interview with her mistress, to obtain from her, permission to go to church, at least once on every Sunday. An opportunity for this soon occurred, although only through an accidental meeting. Her mistress listened with smiles to her request, but merely replied, "You are a good girl for wishing to go to church, so I cannot be angry with you; but you must ask leave of Mrs. Harding, for perhaps you cannot always be spared, and you know, work must not be neglected. When we go to the country, you will, I dare say, have more time; but, Amy, you must not be a little methodist, or think yourself better than other people." This, too, was said without either anger or unkindness; her mistress passed on, and she saw her *no more*.

From that hour may be dated the final ruin of a girl, well brought up, and naturally of a most docile temper; who, had she fallen under better guidance, might have been a blessing to herself and others. But, during the three years of her servitude in the family alluded to, she rarely went to church;—she never read her Bible; nor did the Gospel reach her ears from the lips of any individual with whom she was associated. She saw vice countenanced, and religion set at naught, not only among her fellows, but also in the higher ranks of her master's household.

It would neither be profitable nor pleasing to describe, circumstantially, the scenes of deceit, dishonesty, and disorder, to which this unfortunate Amy was continually exposed among her fellow servants; nor the routine of company, balls, theatres, &c., &c., which engaged the time of her master's family and guests. But if, at first, her mind revolted from taking part in the one, or feeling reconciled to the other, she soon lost all such repugnance to do the like. Her simple attire

gave place to that which was not only highly inconsistent with her station, but was such as her wages, liberal as they might be, were by no means adequate to afford: this led to pilfering, in which she became more and more bold; and at length, discovered by the house-keeper in the very act of a serious theft, she was turned out of doors with only an hour's warning, friendless and dishonoured; without a home, without character, without resource;—save one, too horrible, even for a mind perverted as hers was, to contemplate, or immediately embrace, without alarm and shame. But where could she go? not to her mother, for she was in heaven: not to her friends, for she had disgraced them: and in that hour of dreadful destitution, she *was* enticed into paths of yet deeper guilt and wretchedness! These at length, acting upon a sensitive and, humanly speaking, not naturally a *depraved* mind, she subsequently became *deranged*, and when I first saw her she was in a state of inoffensive idiocy, confined within the sick ward of her own parish workhouse. She was at all times so gentle

and tractable, that she was an object of far greater pity than reproach; and her sad history claimed the forbearing sympathy of all who had known her in the happier days of her childhood, and comparative innocence. Her sole occupation was sitting on the ground, making, with strips of paper, or flowers and grass, when she could get them, what she called "poor Amy's grave." Her age was then not more than two-and-twenty; her countenance was still very sweet, although her features were wan and pale; and her figure, singularly slight, was nevertheless far from being emaciated. I gave her a shilling to buy some tea, which, I understood, was what she most enjoyed; but she threw it back to me again with a languid smile, and said, "Ladies shouldn't give poor girls money to live in fine houses—it was bad, *all bad!* They should let them go to church, and make them good;"—thus, evidently associating with *money* her own life in service, and all its fatal results upon her peace, her character, her happiness! It was some months before I saw her again, when she was

occupying a room, to which kind friends had removed her, in the house of a poor but most respectable and pious widow. Mental malady had now wholly yielded to bodily disease ; she was greatly wasted in appearance ; so much so, that I could scarcely have recognized her, even faded as she was before ; but her mind had recovered its native tone, and although remorse of conscience was still too deep for *happiness*, yet she was resigned to the will of God in her sufferings, and sweetly awaiting the deliverance of her wearied soul ! She spoke little, but seemed very patient and grateful to all who showed her kindness. I was told that such was generally her state, excepting during the occasional paroxysms of aggravated fever, when she frequently became delirious, and then it was a piteous thing to hear her call for the mistress who had “ taken her away from her own dear mother ;” and she would speak, as if imploring leave to go home again ; beseeching her mistress not to let her perish, where all was death around her, both of body and of soul.” She was visited constantly by a dissenting minister, (*I think a*

Wesleyan,) who had known her parents, and for their sakes, as well as from feelings of a higher motive, was kind and liberal in administering both to her temporal wants, and to her spiritual consolation. At length poor Amy died !—we humbly believe a sincere penitent; manifesting her simple, but entire dependence on Him who had not forsaken that child of “*righteous parents*,” and of “many prayers,” although others had drawn her from His own blessed fold, and taught her to forsake *His* paths of *peace*, for those where peace could never be !

I heard a case, not very dissimilar to this last, in a few of its leading circumstances, from the lips of one of the most abandoned women in New South Wales, who gave me an outline of her wretched life, and I always thought it a redeeming point of her character, that whenever allusion was made to the training of her early childhood, she would warmly exonerate her mother from all blame; assuring me, that whatever had been her own sins—and she thought there were few which she had not committed—her parents were, if

not religious, strictly honest and upright in all their moral conduct. But she told me, that it was not possible to detail—nor did I wish she should attempt it—the scenes of iniquity she had witnessed, and in which she had but too soon taken part, when young in service, as a kitchen maid, in one of the first families of wealth, residing in the west end of London; and from the examples of that service she dated all her after career of guilt. Although, when I left the colony, she was married, and gave some evidences of reformation, I cannot say she was in any measure a converted character, nor did she manifest that shame which the remembrance of such a life must have awakened, in a heart not seared against all conviction of its awful consequences and tremendous doom. In justice to her, I must, however, so far add, that she never became either angry or sullen, hard to bear, as must have been the appalling truths of which she was continually, and faithfully reminded. She ever met me with smiles of welcome, and expressed herself grateful to those who took an interest in her welfare. This was a

promising trait, and I would fain hope that, by the grace and blessing of God, she may yet be led to seek the “better part.”

Another instance is that of a woman, now also a convict at Sydney, sentenced to transportation for life upon the charge of robbing, to a considerable extent, the lady with whom she had lived for *many years*, in the high and respectable capacity of ladies’ maid. Her history, too, is replete with the lamentable results arising from an irreligious mistress; but we will not detail more than a brief outline of her story. She was most respectably connected—entered service in her nineteenth year, and became exceedingly attached to her mistress, who deemed her worthy of unbounded confidence. But she totally neglected all her religious duties, was persuaded to believe it no harm to work on Sundays, which her mistress frequently required her to do; she rarely went to church; she never prayed; nor did she even read her Bible. On returning to England, after an absence of some months on the continent, whither she had accompanied her mistress,

she passed a short time with a sister who lived as upper servant in a pious family, and who, grieving to see the total indifference of poor Maria to all that concerned a future state, ventured seriously to expostulate with her upon the sin of remaining longer in a family, whose ungodly habits had so fatally influenced her own mind; earnestly reminding her, that no blessing could rest upon such an engagement, however lucrative it might be. But it was all in vain. She was happy and prosperous in a worldly sense, and scorning the affectionate, and, as she thought, the “puritanical” counsel of her sister, she returned to where, she feared neither God nor man, in her thoughtless course of impiety. Soon did that sister, whose warning she despised, see her again, but it was *in a prison*! She wept over her, prayed for her, and, without a reproach, now patiently endeavoured to urge her to “repent and believe;” and it was then, as she told me herself, that she would have given all she possessed, could she have begun life again as the poorest and meanest of creatures, to be the humble, ho-

nest, happy Christian which *she* was, whose religion she had so often ridiculed and denied ! Vain was now alike the wish and the regret ! Allured by a bad man to commit a deed of most aggravated dishonesty, and that too against a mistress, who, with all her faults, had loved and trusted her, she was about to suffer for life, the just, but dreadful sentence of perpetual exile. Yet, it is a striking fact, that, softened and self-condemned as she was in many respects, she expressed a bitterness of remembrance towards her mistress, tracing all her own wickedness to the ungodliness in which, under her guardianship and example, she had been trained,—both painful to hear and unprincipled in her to admit, against one who had been to her at least a kind and generous benefactress. True, it manifested the worst soil of human nature, untouched by divine grace ; but, would it have thus sprung up in weeds of such deadly and unhallowed passions, had it been cultured, watered, and planted with seeds of heavenly instruction, by the hand of a christian guardian ? No ; bad and ungrateful as the reproach was, uttered

under such circumstances, what was it but the *reaction of principles* ;—evil, falling back upon evil ;—“ the grain reproduced, but with thorns around the ear ?” For, “ whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.” Here the mistress sowed the seeds of infidelity against God, within the mind of her dependant ; and she reaped a harvest of infidelity and reproach against herself, from the treachery of that dependant !

One more history is worthy of our subject, as illustrative of the evils also arising from injudicious indulgence and careless extravagance towards servants, although without any direct want of religious principles on the part of the master and mistress. A woman, suffering great poverty, entreated assistance for an invalid child of a friend who frequently visited her, and from whom I received the following detail of circumstances, which had thus reduced her from comparative comfort.

In early life Margaret entered service, with an excellent character from the national school in which she had been trained. Her

first situation was in a nursery, for which her health proved unequal; but, being a steady girl, she soon became engaged as housemaid in an affluent family, greatly beloved by all who knew them for kindness and benevolence. It was also considered a *religious* family, the servants being required by their master to attend domestic worship every morning; although, beyond this, he never interfered in the arrangement of his household affairs. The lady was one of those amiable and sweet-tempered persons, who loved to see all around her happy,—according to her own ideas of happiness; but, thoughtless and inconsiderate, her views extended no further than those of present enjoyment. Her children were spoilt; her servants allowed to do as they pleased; both one and the other became most unreasonable in their demands for increased indulgence, and were dissatisfied if denied them. Hours were late and irregular; profusion was in every department, and the servants, taking advantage of their liberty, soon became equally improvident, wasteful, and careless in all their duties, and this with-

out reproof, for their mistress disliked finding fault; and still more so, changing servants, however they might wrong and impose upon her. This was called “a good place,” and a happy family! But the master *died*! leaving his affairs, affluent as he had been, in a state of so much embarrassment, that his estate was sold, and the servants, for the most part, dispersed. Poor Margaret, thus cast upon the world again, sought other service; but she was too much *spoilt* now to bear the restraints of a well-regulated family. She tried many places, but finding none like her last, was dissatisfied with all; and at length, contrary to the advice of her friends, became bar-maid in a public-house; married a man of drunken habits; and, confirmed herself in those of waste and idleness, she became, finally, a wretched wife;—her health destroyed by hardships and privations, to which she had been so unaccustomed; and her children pining around her, in want of food and clothing, which she had now no longer power to earn! Often was she heard to say, “Oh! that I could gather but a fragment of what

was wasted before my eyes!—but I, too, helped to waste, and now I must justly want:” and once speaking of her little girl, she added, “If it please God she lives to go to service, never with my consent shall she enter the doors of a rich man’s house! It does not do for a poor girl to get into such ways of plenty and extravagance; they were *my* ruin, and the ruin of those who were by far my betters!”

Such, then, is the sad history of only a *few* individuals, out of thousands probably, whose happiness has been wrecked by the influence and bad examples of others! For where, let me ask, lay the greater guilt in each of these cases? Look at the mistress of poor Amy, and at the mistress of Margaret. Kind and amiable, and admired as these ladies doubtless were in the society of the world, what were they as stewards of a high trust? If we consign to an agent, on whose affections we have strong claim, and on whose integrity we fearlessly rely, treasures of gold and silver—peradventure all that is valuable and necessary to us in life, that it may advance *his* interests

—dependent as they are upon his agency, and increase our own by his skill and diligence; what should we think of that agent, who taking our treasure on *such grounds*, kept no account of it; but, using it *only* for his own pleasure, *lost it*, and that, too, through carelessness, apathy, and extravagance? Let him tell you, that he had been hospitable beyond his means; that he had been kind and generous to all under his control; lavish towards others, as well as lavish in his own expenditure. Let the world speak well of his benevolence;—of his hospitality, of his luxurious table, of his good taste, and generous disposition: would *we*, whose treasures he had lost, whose prospects were blighted, whose home was devastated by that loss;—would *we* think him faithful to his trust, generous, benevolent, honourable, or well principled? Should we not rather justly deprecate his base ingratitude, his selfish waste, his cruel carelessness, and pronounce him wholly unworthy of our further friendship and confidence?—ay, unworthy even of our presence? Then, how far—far more base

and dishonourable, and ungrateful, must that mortal being be, who is all this to *God*, in the charge of *His* immortal treasures?—treasures too of *such price*, that to reclaim them from the treacherous bankruptcy of human agency, Jehovah gave up his own Son to suffer and to die; because, without such sacrifice, not one iota of that treasure could be found again! O! not the whole mass of precious ore—not every jewel which is, and has been, and shall be embowelled within our unfathomable universe, could compare in worth with the value of one deathless soul, however mean the casket of mortal workmanship may be, in which it is to expand and fructify for the Eden of God's paradise! No; what then must be *their* account to God, who have made wreck of *one* such jewel? And when, at the coming of our Lord, to claim His own from the treasury of human stewardship, how many among the matrons of *our* highly favoured country will be found standing at His right hand, and looking round her on the multitude who, whether as servant, or friend, or child, on earth called her “blessed,” can meekly and

joyfully reply, "Behold, Lord, I and the children whom thou hast given me." Thy one talent multiplied to five; thy five multiplied to ten? Or, what will it be to those who, having received largely of God's blessings here, give back none other than life abused?—but must, with that risen life, rather hide the shame of their unfaithfulness by charging it impiously on God? "Lord, I knew thee, that thou art an austere man," and "I hid thy talent in the earth: Lo, there thou hast that is thine." The answer to both is recorded, where no lie can find a place! To the one, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." To the other, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into everlasting life." Yes! "God is not mocked." He is *just* as He is merciful; true to His promises, whether for wrath or blessing; and, while He graciously accepts the imperfect services of a sincere disciple, acknowledging, as done to Himself, every

effort of christian philanthropy exerted in behalf of "the least" among "His brethren,"—will not spare one, who, reckless alike of His gifts and His commands, has lived for the service of the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Oh ! this is no language of exaggerated figure—no cant of fanaticism to work upon the imaginations of the weak and fearful ! It is a picture drawn from the sacred truth of Jehovah's revealed will,—*that* will, which, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," can never change in the counsels of Almighty wisdom !

Or, if we reason merely upon the ground of common sense, and venture, for a moment, to bring Almighty thought down to the measure of our thoughts, or God's ways to the low standard of our ways, let us ask, for *what* purpose are good gifts bestowed ? Would a parent bequeath to a beloved child a legacy of wealth, or endow him with all the advantages of education, and power, and influence, for the purpose of doing evil ?—of bringing disgrace and ruin on himself and others ? Would it not rather be, to honour that child

—to make him worthy of his name and his inheritance? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto *your* children,” how much more must the rich gifts of our heavenly Father be bestowed for purposes of *good*, unto the “sons of men?” But, alas! how are they, in too many cases, received? How is wealth disposed of, how is honour honoured; how is influence exerted? Go to our prisons—to our penitentiaries—to the factory at Paramatta, and *there* learn the answer!—*there* see the fruits, and weep over the histories of wealth abused, of honour dishonoured, of influence accursed! Yes; go and look upon the dreadful ravages of peace, virtue, and affection—of all the better principles—all the kindlier feelings of hearts once happy in moral worth at least, and see the human wretchedness — the never-ending wretchedness, perhaps, of thousands who, seduced by fair promises, by the allurements of unhallowed pleasures, or betrayed by the yet more cruel, if less offensive wrong of ill requited and deceived affection, must linger out the long residue of a young life in unavailing

sorrow and needless remorse, so far as this world's happiness is at stake: for, when woman falls, she falls to rise no more an honoured link of social life. No; the chances are that she sinks yet lower in disgrace and shame; her seared heart, callous even to the appeals of reason or religion. Or, if not that—if through Divine grace she goes like another Magdalen to weep tears of a contrite spirit at the feet of Him who will never “break the bruised reed,” nor bid a penitent “depart;” still her joy of heart is gone for ever; and though she may, indeed, rise up in peace, believing that her sins, though many, *are* forgiven she must henceforth walk, self-condemned, among her fellows, an alien from woman's best rights: the praise of humankind her reproach, and their reproach a probe she cannot brook! “Her sorrow is continually before her;” and did she not, in the meek submission of humble faith, both “hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord,” life would be to her a burden heavier than she could bear! But, oh! if such be the mournful history of one who still has a

hope beyond the grave, which “maketh not ashamed,”—a portion in the blessed promises of the redeemed, what must be life’s evening to *her*, who is not thus converted from the error of her transgression?—who, lost to all that woman holds most dear on earth, goes on in her sin, from evil “to yet deeper guilt, to die at last in her despair? I *could* not, if I would, depict *her* appalling career!—the fearful end of thousands who are thus depraved, and yet even these are born to better hopes,—they were created for a glorious inheritance.

Such, then, are the sorrows arising from the sins of *real* life; but, for these things, God will surely visit those from whose selfish influence they spring. Yes! “Wo unto the world because of offences!” and, “though it be impossible but that offences should come, *wo unto him through whom the offence cometh.*” Better had it been, “had that man never been born.” This is strong language—language which, if spoken by mortal lips to mortal ears, might be censured as “uncharitable,” as wronging the mercy of a

merciful God. But it is *God Himself* who speaks them ! they are words indited by His own Spirit, and written by a pen which *dared* not write *a lie*. They are words taken from the “ Book of Life,” inspired by the Divine will, as the consummation of Divine wisdom—a wisdom which cannot err, and will not, must not, be doubted or denied. Then tenfold is the woe on him who ventures to do the one, or dares to do the other. Oh ! rather let us listen to them and obey, hear them and believe, and so lay these things to heart, that by the mighty power of “ a still, small voice,” they may “ refrain our feet from every evil way,” and enable us meekly to do the will of God in all things, with a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards man !

CHAPTER IV.

“The fearful sheep hearken to the voice of the shepherd, and follow Him who leadeth them forth to pasture.”—*King*.

GLADLY do we now turn our thoughts to the happier and better side of our subject ; while, with grateful pleasure, we record a few among the many instances in which a master or mistress, faithful to their trust, have been eminently blest in their labours over the vintage of their appointed heritage ; and have consequently reaped for themselves a rich harvest of those promised blessings, which are inseparable from the works of well-doing, springing from obedience towards God. But first, fain would we meet the adversaries of our cause on the grounds of objection, which they maintain against the influence, we hold,

they have right to exercise over every dependent member of their household. We are aware that it will be asked, how can the principals of a large establishment, in private life, hold personal superintendence over the conduct of every individual thus placed under their control? How can a lady of rank and wealth stoop to the daily inspection of her kitchen maid, or give heed to the passing incidents connected with the lower departments of her exalted home? We say not that she could do this, nor is it required of her; but she doubtless can and ought to take heed, that those who must act as her substitutes are persons worthy the trust; that her own pursuits and habits are such as can be neither a hindrance nor means of offence to others; and that however extensive the members of her household may be, she *can* and *ought* to meet them *all*, without exception, once a day, *at least*, for prayer and religious instruction; by which means she not only provides them with “the lamp” which can lighten their path, and guide them through the “strait gate” of a Christian’s career; but

she experimentally proves in her own example the duty of submission to the ordinances and commands of a superior power. Yes, sitting beside them at the altar of sacrifice, she manifests herself as a servant of the Most High ; and that she is *there*, not only to teach and exhort *them* in their respective duties, but to be also taught herself of Him, without whose grace and constant direction she, as well as they, must fail in all that can please God, and advance the interests of her family. And we do say, that a servant returning to her work from such a lesson must carry with her a consciousness of its importance, and a conviction that if she would herself be blest, she must be faithful and well principled towards others: "obedient to them that are their masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ ; not with eye-service, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." Nor do we think that a mistress who

has thus, in the spirit of sincere and humble faith, cast *her* cares upon the Lord, can go forth to the claims of her own station, without remembering that *she* too has a "Master in heaven," with whom is "no respect of persons;" and strong in the power of *His* might, she may "hope all things," whatever difficulties or trials lie in the pathway of her duties. Thus, then, we maintain that the Almighty requires nothing from the hands of His stewards, incompatible or derogatory to the office which He has Himself appointed them. So that if there be failure in the work assigned, the unfitness manifestly lies in the individual who undertakes its accomplishment, and not in any inconsistency on the part of God. But, it will be said, do we then choose our own allotment in life? Not so, as regards *position*, of birth or other circumstances, over which the human will holds no control; but surely, we may be said so far to be the arbiters of our own destiny, when we accept, or take to ourselves, the adventitious privileges annexed to certain conditions in life, which our will is left at liberty to take

or reject ; although it is *not* in our power to separate from them the *duties* which, by the will of God, irrevocably blend with those privileges, and that condition. For instance, God compels none of His creatures to the office of householder ; but the man or the woman who becomes one, whether to advance their happiness or their interests, must do so upon the terms on which alone God acknowledges the compact,—a compact which admits neither separation from the will of God, nor of compromise in the terms prescribed ; so that, the moment a man becomes a master, or a woman becomes a matron, they become individually, and essentially, the *stewards* of God's husbandry ; pledged, therefore, to plough the ground and sow the seed, as well as to partake of the fruit, and reap the harvest. They may leave the ground untilled, and the tares to overspread the herbage, but of this there must be fearful account ; and unless we prove that we can hold aught, save in dependence upon a higher sovereignty than our own, we must acknowledge the supremacy of God, and bow to His indisputable right of

lordship over all our concerns, as involving the concerns of His own providence; and with that right, we must concede to Him submission to all His known commands. This truth admitted, we next assume, also, that as the office of stewardship involves account betwixt God and ourselves, we have no power to cancel the authority which forms a prominent part of our office,—authority over the subordinates of our jurisdiction; but are rather pledged to act towards *them*, in all things, as God acts towards us, who are the subordinates of *His* will.

Now, it is far beyond the powers of finite reason to meet the Infinite, in *His* wonderful superintendence over a multitude too vast for human calculation: giving to the least and lowest among that multitude the same superintending care as if each one formed His only charge. Day and night, His eye, which neither “slumbereth nor sleepeth,” rests on every pulse which throbs through life’s mysterious fountain. His ear is open to the faintest cry; His arm outstretched to save the feeblest sufferer who supplicates His aid; and when

we look upon the government of the natural, as well as the moral and intellectual world, even limiting our ideas to the narrow confines of our own earth, we are lost in the contemplation of almighty sovereignty; for oh ! it is, indeed, a thought surpassing human comprehension, that while *there* we recognize Him, as “King of kings,” and “Lord of lords;” we find him, on the other hand, administering to the necessities of every soul within the universe, as emphatically “our Father,” and our Friend. Now we cannot compass the example of Jehovah in the magnitude of His *power*, but we can, for we are *commanded* to follow his example *in principle*. And, just because we cannot attain to Omnipotence, we must feel, if we reflect at all, that neither can we hold a single possession that does not strictly belong to God, subject to the alone control of His own commands. Look at the whole life of Jesus Christ on earth. He, as being in His *human nature* inferior to the Father, became His Father’s “servant;” a term, applicable to His office of Mediator, working out the

redemption of apostate man. What was *His* life, we ask? Great as He was in His own power, He was, nevertheless, perfectly obedient to the will of Jehovah, in *His* assigned duties towards mankind. Yes; He who was born "a King," thought it not derogatory to hold a fellowship in the interests of the lowly menial of His Father's household. So far from neglecting the least of His vast charge, did He not rebuke His own disciples, because they were about to send the poor suppliant away, who pressed through the crowd which thronged Him? rebuking *them*, He bade *her* draw nigh and be healed, both in body and in soul. Or, was there *one* to whom he was not, at all times, accessible, as the "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother?" whether the lowly sister of Lazarus, sitting at His feet for counsel; or the poor Magdalen who bathed them with her tears; or the little children who gathered round Him for His precious love and blessing? No, whether we contemplate His history as a child in the temple, "asking questions," for the "business" of His Father's mission; or as the "Man of

sorrows," suffering the extreme of mortal agony, to do, not His own, but the will of God; drinking, to the last drop of wrath, the cup which, but for the ministration of angels, had been too much, even for His mortal nature to endure. We do say that it is a history of self-denial, and self-surrender, in all connected with the duties of His unequalled sacrifice, such as we are solemnly bound to imitate in *our* respective appointments, although to attain the measure of such an example is neither possible, nor required. But let no one, however exalted their earthly rank may be, say that it is incompatible with that station to hold personal superintendence over the interests of a household. It *must* be done, if we would be faithful towards God; and it may be done, without any compromise of that characteristic dignity of a noble mind, and noble station, which is both honourable and highly important to exercise; and we bless God, that there are living examples which prove, that if peculiar difficulties lie in a rich man's path, all is made easy, by the grace of God, to such as will, in humble

reliance on that grace, walk heavenward, making every step an altar for prayer, and every duty a censer for the sacrifice of faith and obedience. We need not reiterate in what that obedience consists, as connected with the obvious duties between master and servant. We trust that nothing has been advanced, which is not warranted by the word of God ; to the conscience of each individual concerned in the great and momentous question, we must now leave the answer, and to God himself the solemn judgment, and its result. They who can lightly "make excuses" for the neglect of that obedience, and tarry amid the selfish pleasures or frivolous cares of the world, when "bidden" to the "high places" of a heavenly summons, will hardly assent to the feeble reasoning of one, who can never take up her pen, without prayer for help and guidance in her own stewardship as an author ; nor ever lay it down again, without very sincerely feeling her own utter inability to do justice to a subject, meet for the fire of a prophet's zeal.

As regards human agency, however, let me

not be misunderstood. God forbid that I should subscribe to so unscriptural and dangerous a theory as human power, *independent* of "power from on high." My own views are what the world terms "*calvinistic*;" but, while I hold as one of the most essential truths of divine revelation, that man can do *nothing* meritorious of himself; nor be successful in any one of his designs, without the grace of God acting directly upon both his will and his abilities; I also hold it as sacredly true, that man must diligently use the *means* which are appointed by God, to promote the ends of divine wisdom; and they, who neglect the means because God elects the end, are like the mariner who refuses to steer with helm and chart, giving up his ship to wreck, because he cannot control the waters and the winds, through which he must pilot her to the promised haven of rest and security. O no: I have nothing to do with God's supremacy; but I have everything to do with submission to that supremacy; so when He bids me run for a prize, what right have I to assume the victory, if I sit down in

place of running? And sure I am, that if I want a witness within me, of my personal election to "a crown of glory," I must seek it, not amid the secret counsels of Jehovah, into which no human eye may pierce, but in the obedience by which my faith is "working by love," in fruits which I well know can only spring from God's electing power. These remarks may appear a digression from the subject of our present work, but nevertheless they bear upon it by analogy, and may, I trust, tend to give force to our own feeble persuasion.

To return, then, to practical illustration of our theory, I may record an instance of a *nobleman's* family whose household is very extensive, and of course varied in the gradation of domestic offices. There is the house steward and the stable boy, the housekeeper and the kitchen maid; yet, twice a day are they all brought before the master's eye, assembled by his own appointment, to unite with himself and family in divine worship; and I have been told that once a week, exclusively of a Sunday evening's lecture, he

assembles his servants, and (in the absence of a clerical minister) reads to them some familiar exposition of Scripture, adapting the subject to circumstances, and seldom omits, again and again, to press upon every member of his establishment, that he desires to be considered, not only as their master, but as their friend and adviser; encouraging the humblest of his dependents to come fearlessly, either to himself or to their noble mistress, under any circumstances needing advice, or help, or protection under any grievance within their power to redress. Nor is this all: consistent in his own conduct, he asks no self-denial of others, which he does not himself exercise as regards religious principle. He forbids the theatre and the race-course as unhallowed pleasures, but from both, *he* too is "separate." Now, what must be the result of such mastership? We say not that all the servants of that family are, therefore, converted characters; but we do say, that such management has the promise of God's blessing, and it must do all that human means *can* effect towards conversion; and that the ser-

vant who sins under such a master, sins against light and knowledge, of which account must be rendered at the yet higher tribunal of an Almighty Judge. And how very small a sacrifice of time is really required for such high and important claims!—*sacrifice* do we say? it seems an insult to christian feeling to talk of sacrifice, where the well-being of an immortal soul demands it: nevertheless, no more than a small portion of time need be set apart for this, from secular and domestic duties, which we gladly admit should never be neglected; while we also maintain that beyond all peradventure, these will prosper but the more vigorously, where those of prior claim are not left undone. We have recorded but one case illustrative of this among the higher ranks of life, but we trust and believe there are many similar, which, if known to us, might offer examples equally honourable to the nobility of our country; and many more in every grade, would, we are persuaded, go and do the like, if its deep importance were considered, and the evils of its neglect practically brought before the mind, in the full

extent of its consequent and extensive ruin. Oh ! let me ask all who know anything of life, whether it be not an unspeakable blessing, to be one of a well-regulated family ? or, if they have ever found outward comfort and happiness in homes not wisely governed ? There is, in the former, an habitual peace, order, harmony, pervading throughout the whole range of domestic economy, which tend to advance even our spiritual progress, far more than can be imagined ; while in the latter there is a confusion, an irregularity, insubordination, and waste of time and property, which cannot but ordinarily create their desultory and retrograding effects, within the minds of all who are, unhappily, placed under their control. This applies, in an important degree, to children as well as to servants ; for it is generally true, that a good mother will make a good mistress ; but how seldom will a bad mistress make a good mother, in the highest and better sense of the word ! There may be great kindness, great indulgence, great forbearance exercised towards both ; but all this, attractive and endearing as it

may appear, is, without the principles of a nobler groundwork, like the poison of a sweet flower, which destroys what it feeds; and the children of such a mother, and the servants of such a mistress, will never *respect*, even if they love her. No; it is far more probable, that in after life their very defects of character, matured under the influence of mistaken kindness, will fall with reproach upon herself, so true is it, that wherever we yield a paramount duty, to the selfish consideration of pleasing, or to the indolence of moral weakness, we must inevitably fail, where—did we seriously consider the important effect which the present has upon the future—we should be most anxious to ensure success. Why then is it ever thus? especially, where the defect lies not in any wilful breach of principle? We think it often arises from great inconsiderateness, from indolence, or an undue desire of pleasing, for which many a better and nobler motive is sacrificed; and, in some cases, from a want of moral courage to exercise the discipline which is necessary, where timely and judicious reproof

might prevent the occurrence of greater delinquency. O ! if there be a sight among the pleasant things of earth, on which we believe angels might look down with approbation and delight, it is that of a christian parent in the midst of a christian family ; whether, as training the young mind for usefulness here, and happiness in heaven ; or resting, after the toils of such hallowed cares, in the bosom of a home, where the evening of life is sweetened by the duteous obedience of sons and daughters, and of faithful servants, matured in character, but still bending, with reverential and devoted respect, to the pious counsels of an aged parent and benefactor ; who, as an oak still strong in its venerable decay, gives vigour and support to the foliage, which clings around its honoured and beautiful remains ! We have sometimes sat for a while beneath the shadows of such a home, and felt how great was the privilege, even of a brief sojournment among the people of God. But, alas ! the present system, both of education and domestic management, is against the extension of homes like this. How rarely

do we now meet with children trained in the principles of religion and self-government, reared “to honour and obey their parents;” to acknowledge subjection towards their elders and superiors; to be subservient to the will of those appointed to hold authority over them! No, the will that should guide them, and be the master-spring of a family, rather yields to that of spoilt and petted children, who, allowed to consider themselves of first importance, and objects of first consideration, inevitably grow up with ideas altogether opposed to the meekness and humility of a Christian; and the parent whose fond, but ill-judged indulgence, has left selfishness to overspread the soil of nobler principles, herself becomes the object of their negligence, and O how often of their contempt! These are the sources of radicalism, the breaking away of all those sweet and sacred bulwarks, which God has placed around the paternal character; and as with children, so it is with servants; their will becoming paramount, they, whom a servant should reverence and obey, must at length resign the authority, which ought ever

to be the master's prerogative, respected by himself, and honoured by all around him.

This recalls to my remembrance a very sweet and striking instance of the blessedness arising from the influence of a really pious and well-governed family, in the history of a woman, who became accidentally known to me, when, having walked far one summer's evening, I entreated permission to rest at a small cottage, beautifully situated on the road-side, but within a garden which corresponded with the extreme neatness of the dwelling. Its tenant gladly welcomed me, and wiping a chair for me, bade me be seated. She was a middle-aged woman of very pleasing manners, and, although quite in the humbler rank of life, appeared above the ordinary class of poor people. She was engaged in ironing at the time of which I speak, and by her side sat two little girls, who especially attracted my notice, the elder not exceeding eight years of age. They were most plainly dressed, but so beautifully clean, that their appearance spoke volumes for their mother's character; especially so, as they were both engaged in

learning texts of scripture, which induced me to question them upon their lesson, and I found them remarkably well informed upon the general history of the Bible. Expressing myself greatly pleased to find them thus well taught, their mother, with great simplicity, replied that she had little merit in the work, for she was only endeavouring to bring up *her* children as those were trained, who were blessings to themselves and all belonging to them, and whose parents had been more than parents to herself. This led to further inquiry on my part, but as I gathered her story only by fragments, when, from time to time, I afterwards visited her, I will concentrate it in a more regular detail, which I scarcely think will be uninteresting. She was the daughter of very poor but industrious parents, her natural character one of great vivacity, which made them often anxious as to her future welfare, unable as they were to provide for her beyond an early age. Her first place was not such as was calculated to improve her, but her high spirit and careless habits soon gave offence, and she returned to her parents,

who, in their simple way, upbraided her unsteadiness, and gave her the best advice in their power. Happily it was not long before she was again engaged as an under-servant in a highly respectable and pious family, who, although her character was not quite satisfactory, consented to receive her for the sake of her parents, whose industrious and sober habits were well known; conditionally that she conformed to the regulations of their household, which were considered by many "very strict." She was by no means pleased with the prospect of her engagement, but she had no alternative; and receiving from her honest father a serious lecture upon her past conduct, especially respecting her love of finery, which had induced her to spend all her late wages upon dress, now wholly useless to her, she entered her new service inwardly resolved to remain there only until she could hear of a situation more in accordance with her own taste. Plainness of dress being one of the stipulations to which she had acceded in her engagement, she was compelled to appear very unlike her former self, without

flowers in her bonnet or bows in her cap; and this she thought a most unreasonable restriction. She was, however, surprised to find the servants all very cheerful and happy; and she was even told by some of them that she was a fortunate girl in having obtained so good a place; upon this she remarked to one about her own age, "I am sure it must be very dull here with so much strictness, and such queer ways." "Dull!" exclaimed her companion, "O no, we have too much to do to be dull; and master is so good, and the mistress such a sweet kind lady, that I would sooner work for them in a prison than leave them for twenty pounds a year." This greatly astonished Mary, but she found she must say no more. They were summoned at nine o'clock to family prayers; but she resolved not to listen, or heed anything that she heard, and in this spirit she, for the first time, sat down in a christian family to learn the power of Him who can break down the "lofty places" of a proud and stubborn heart. She expressed herself to me as feeling at once awed by the novel scene before her. Her master

and mistress, surrounded by a large family of children, sitting at the upper end of the room, their servants ranged before them, each provided with a Bible and a hymn-book; and so deep was the attention of the whole circle, that, before her master commenced reading, "a pin," to use her own expression, "might have been heard to fall." He first prayed for God's blessing, then read a chapter from the New Testament, without comment, and afterwards prayed, but in a tone of such solemn reverence and deep feeling, that she could not help giving heed to his words, and to her great surprise he prayed individually for *herself*, asking power from on high to do *his* duty as a master, and for her, grace to walk uprightly in her new home, as a servant of the "living God."

Mary went to bed that night, feeling she knew not how: evidently struggling with pride, shame, and some better feeling which would not suffer her to be *angry*. The next morning before prayers she was summoned to her master's study, where she received from him a Bible and a hymn-book, in which

her name was already inserted. He then read to her the character, which he had received of her from her late mistress, seriously pointing out to her the evils of an unsteady mind ; exhorting her, for the future, to be more diligent ; to watch against her besetting sins with prayer ; assuring her that she should receive every encouragement, if she would endeavour to do her duty according to the wishes of her mistress. Poor Mary felt greatly touched by the kindness of her master, so unlike anything she had seen before ; and although she was still far from happy at the prospect of a situation so strict in all its requirements, she could not but feel sensible of her advantages. A few weeks passed away, and with them the impressions which had at first been awakened by the example of this excellent family. She began to feel weary of well-doing, of the restraints to which she was subjected, and was again resolved to quit her place, whenever opportunity offered for her so doing. The moment at length arrived. She asked a day's holiday to go to the fair in a neighbouring town, some friends

having invited her there, and also to join them at a dance, which was a yearly meeting among certain members of a club. This was at once refused by her mistress ; but not without much kind, though serious expostulation. Unmoved by this, and complaining only of her disappointment, Mary *gave warning*. No further notice was taken of this until after prayers the ensuing morning, when her master bade her follow him to his study. She dreaded the interview, conscious of what she deserved, for, high-spirited as she was, she always felt indescribably awed in the presence of her master. But he evinced nothing of anger in his manner ; he desired her, in a tone rather of seriousness than displeasure, to be seated ; and after a few moments' silence, in which she thought he was engaged in prayer, he said, with his characteristic mildness, " Mary, I find you have given warning to leave your mistress, and that, because she refused your going to the fair and to a dance." He paused, and she replied that she thought it very hard never to have a holiday ; that many respectable servants were going, and

she did not see why she could not go also. According to the detail she gave me of this interview, it appears that her master entered fully into the evils of a fair, of dances, theatres, &c. ; and having done this, he asked her if he, knowing these things to be not only highly injurious, but contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, would be justified, either as a parent or a master, in allowing his children or his servants to go where God's blessing could not go with them. He bade her think of these things, giving her one week to do so ; without any further interference on his part, beyond earnest prayer, that she might be guided for the best. If, at the expiration of that week, she persisted in her wish of leaving them, he would write to her father, and consign her at once to her own parents' care ; —if, on the contrary, she felt convinced of her error, of the evil consequences of sinful pleasures, and desired further trial on the part of her mistress, once, and only once more, would that trial be granted ; at the same time explaining to her, that although he could never suffer his servants to enter into amusements

incompatible with their station, and with his permission as a christian master, he always gave them stated holidays at reasonable intervals to visit their parents, or such friends as he considered eligible as companions for them; an indulgence which should be granted to herself in turn with the rest, if her general conduct merited the reward. Again, he exhorted her to be much in prayer, and giving her some appropriate tracts, bade her return to her work. She told me that it was impossible to describe the state of her feelings after that interview. Pride at first preponderated, but she dreaded her father's displeasure, and she could not but acknowledge her master to be a kind one, her mistress the best of human beings, and that after all, if they were strict towards their servants, they required nothing of them which they, and their children, did not also enforce by their own example. Still temper and self-will for a time prevailed; and at length, unable longer to contend with these conflicting passions, she wept bitterly, until aroused by an old servant of the family, who reasoned with her upon her folly and ingra-

titude, endeavouring to convince her of her many privileges, and that a time would come when she would bless the hour, in which the gracious providence of God had led her to such a family. "And why, Mary," said the excellent creature, "set your heart upon these foolish pleasures, which are soon over, and seldom leave anything behind them but disappointment and sorrow, in some way or other? Look at our Miss Fanny and Miss Emily, creatures of your own age, that are as happy as birds, bless them, and *they* never so much as think of going to fairs, and dances, and plays, and such like places; why then should a poor girl like you think it so hard to be without them?" This and much more she said, leaving Mary at last ashamed of her own childish and unreasonable vexation; and as she related it to me, she added; "Yes, nurse was right, and the time soon came when, indeed, I learnt to bless God for his goodness to me; for happy as I am as a wife, and favoured in many respects beyond others of my station, the years I was in *that* family were the best and happiest of my life." She then ex-

pressed her conviction, that had she been permitted to leave them in pursuance of her own will, or had she been led to the service of a less disciplined family, she would have become one of the most abandoned of women : not that she was ever morally unprincipled; so far from it, she could remember no period of her life, in which she would not have startled at the idea of wilful departure from moral virtue; yet with her thoughtless exuberance of spirits, her love of dress and pleasure, added to her natural independence of will, she would have encountered the temptations of as much dissipation as was within the reach of her means, and that acting in her own strength, and pursuing a path in itself sinful, she made no doubt that her unchecked career must have led to an eventual fall, and finally to an utter abandonment of character. She blessed God, however, and secondarily her precious benefactors, that far otherwise had been her destiny. Seven years she lived in the family alluded to, becoming progressively more convinced that in Christianity only can be found true peace of mind, and more fully rejoicing in

fellowship with the people of God, and in all their "ways of pleasantness." She then married their gardener; and had been a happy wife for some years, when I became acquainted with her, although not wholly exempt from the trials incident to a life of labour and occasional poverty. She was training her little girls upon the same principles as had been so blessed to herself and many others; and as it had been a custom in her master's family that his children should every night learn a portion of the Bible, which they repeated to him on the ensuing morning, she made her own children do the same, their father or herself always hearing the lesson before they commenced their breakfast; and the tears filled her eyes when she added, that her husband was a pious man, and took "great delight" in explaining the Scriptures to them, as well as he could do so, "in his own poor way."

This, I believe, is no exaggerated detail. A similar one, as regards its blessings, might also be given of a servant once in the employment of the late Rev. Legh Richmond; and

they who have read the deeply interesting life of the venerable and pious Venn, may remember how important *he* considered the spiritual interests of his domestics!—how greatly *his* influence was blessed towards them; and how devoted was *their* grateful faithfulness and respect! Oh! how many, many of our poor outcasts might have been in like manner, through the grace of God, snatched from early ruin, who now languish in Australian bondage!—a bondage of disgrace and shame, far heavier to the soul which bends beneath its curse, than the manacles and the chains that can bind no more than the mortal frame, which in a little while must pass away, and be no longer the subject of earthly pain or imprisonment!

An admirable tract, entitled “Our Female Servants,” has lately fallen into my hands, recommending much that would, but for such a publication, have formed part of this little work. To this, then, I refer others, rather than repeat what might now only appear borrowed, and which is more ably condensed, than could here have been the case. *There* will be found

an instance, in which *twenty servants* have been, humanly speaking, really converted under the influence of *one family*; and many excellent suggestions are offered in that tract which it would be well, could they be rendered extensively practicable.

That our "female servants" have hitherto been a most neglected class, generally speaking, can scarcely be denied, and yet they form a very important part of society. Look at the influence which nursery servants necessarily hold over the infant minds of little children; and we confess it is often matter of surprise and sorrow to see how lamentably this influence is overlooked by parents, especially so when by such, as profess to be christian parents! It has often pained us to observe the light and careless manner in which a child is left to say its prayers, in the midst of surrounding noise and bustle; hurried through them by an impetuous or careless nurse; or, if herself pressed by multiplied occupations, altogether allowed to neglect them! And yet, how deeply important is it, that a child's first impression of prayer should be,

that it is indeed "*holy ground*;" that to omit prayer is in itself sinful; but to pray with heedless inattention is a mockery—the drawing down God's anger, rather than a blessing—therefore a sin, for which a child should never go unpunished or unreproved. But if the servant knows not this, or knowing, disregards it, how can a child discriminate the obligation which its nurse does not herself enforce? Oh! how *can* a parent entrust to an irreligious superintendence, a charge so unspeakably precious as the first years of a child's life? But the evil is seldom limited to the nursery, if a mother overlooks, as unimportant, the religious principles of her servants generally—for children are ever household pets, and wonderfully influenced by the characters with whom they thus intimately associate; naturally more prone to imitate evil than to imbibe the principles of better instruction; and, alas! how often are those principles counteracted, by the evil communications of evil-minded servants! Surely, then, the matter is not one of light importance; and yet, how can we expect otherwise,

where no means are taken to enlighten and improve those on whom so much, not only of our own comfort, but of our children's welfare, may depend? For are there not instances in which servants, piously trained, have become even instrumental of reformation and blessing to their superiors? An interesting and very striking case of this was told me by a christian friend, who, I think, was personally acquainted with the parties. The lady to whom it refers, one of rank, living much in the world, and very thoughtless in her religious duties, became, under God, seriously impressed with their vital importance, through the practical piety of her own lady's maid. She was much attached to her for some time previously to this change; for, although at first she found the religious scruples of her servant often inconvenient, and had more than once resolved to part with her, when respectfully but firmly declining to execute orders on a Sunday, which the girl considered a violation of God's commands; yet her excellent conduct, her bright integrity, her sweet temper, and invariable propriety

under all circumstances of trial, so won upon her ladyship, that at length, appreciating the sterling worth of such a character, she ceased to interfere with these scruples, submitting to their inconvenience rather than lose the faithful services of one so valuable to her in all essential respects. One Saturday night, when returning very late from the opera, wearied in body, and vexed in mind by some accidental disappointment connected with the pleasures of the past evening, this lady threw herself carelessly on the sofa, and expressing herself tired of the world, she madly, foolishly added, "Oh! how I wish that I could this moment die, and leave it all!"—"God forbid *that*," solemnly exclaimed her faithful attendant, "until your ladyship be better prepared." Thus unwarily led to speak with more than her wonted freedom, and fearing lest, in her devoted zeal, she may have said more than her situation justified, the poor girl burst into tears, and entreating the forgiveness of her mistress, she pleaded in excuse, that deeply grateful to her for the indulgent and generous kindness which she had ever re-

ceived, she could not bear to see her ladyship waste the precious moments of her life, dear to so many who loved her, and that too, upon a world which she saw gave her no happiness here, nor left her time to seek the blessedness of a world to come !” The lady had returned from her evening’s dissipation, just in that peculiar state of an irritated mind, which gladly seizes upon any idea that can turn the current of painful thought, or give vent to repressed feelings. She, too, wept long and bitterly ; but at length, undressing in silence, she made no remark, until her attendant was about to leave her, when turning to her, she said, “ Lucy, you have spoken a bold word, but I believe it may be a true one ! Good night ; I forgive you freely.” The ensuing day was the sabbath. Too much fatigued to rise in time for church, she bade her servant go and leave her to herself ; and when alone, the incidents of the preceding evening filled her mind. The past, the present, and the future, each alternately occupied her thoughts, and a fearful review of her own waste of time, as connected with eternity, acting on the conscious-

ness of immortality, filled her with alarm, and she felt it it was indeed too true, that this world afforded her no happiness, and yet in the happiness of heaven she could have no part nor lot ! This led to the solemn inquiry, "What must I do to be saved ?" and from that time she frequently sought instruction of her humble friend, and eventually became herself, a beautiful example of devoted and consistent piety.

The case of the late Mrs. Hemans was also illustrative of the same, in its essential features ; at least, it has been publicly recorded, that to the sweet influence of a pious servant she was indebted for clearer views of christian hope and holiness than she had previously attained ; and a letter, most eloquently written by that humble but devoted friend, offers a touching evidence of the strong link which binds the soul of a believer, to one who is "kindred in Christ," however earthly affections may be distanced by human distinctions. Both mistress and servant are now, we may humbly believe, rejoicing together in the "better land" of hallowed companionship,"

through the merits and mercy of Him whose Spirit consecrated their union here, to perfect it in Himself hereafter ! The letter alluded to appeared a few weeks ago in the pages of that invaluable and dauntless paper, "The Record," and we regret that we cannot give the extract connected with it, as we read it there.

Another pleasing testimony in favour of our theory, is an anecdote worthy of our little work, of a servant's grateful remembrance of a mistress once deeply interested in her spiritual well-being. Circumstances had compelled them to part, but it was with much sorrow on both sides. The mistress became seriously ill, and the claims attendant upon protracted illness pressed heavily upon means inadequate to afford any of those expensive comforts which tend to renovate the weakened frame, unaccustomed to privation. In her loneliness she was visited by one, once a beloved and treasured servant, who, hearing of her situation, obtained leave of a day's absence from the family in whose service she was then engaged. Her joy at once more

meeting her mistress, mingled with the unaffected sorrow of finding her thus alone, and sick, and deprived of outward succour, can scarcely be described, and, perhaps, but faintly imagined. Tears and blessings alternately betrayed the emotions of her overflowing heart, while to the sufferer they were medicine beyond the art of human science to administer, or the power of gold to purchase ! The faithful creature passed that day in close attendance upon her former mistress, but with a delicate and devoted deference which admitted of no repulse. She made her bed ; she arranged her room ; prepared a dinner, such as she thought best adapted to the appetite of the feeble invalid ; and yet all this, with such unchanged respect, that scarcely could she be persuaded to sit down in her presence, and with great difficulty was made to partake of that meal herself. The evening came, when she was compelled to prepare for her departure. She hesitated—delayed ; returned again and again to the bedside, and yet without the final word of farewell, until the shadows of sunset reminded her that soon

it would be too late to meet the coach, by which she had engaged to travel home. At length, with some agitation, she abruptly entreated forgiveness while about to take a liberty which she well knew "was not her place to do. But indeed," she added, with much tenderness and simplicity, "I am terrified to think how much you will have to pay, for doctors and lodgings, and all such things, when I have more by far than I can spend upon any want of mine;" and saying this, she offered a supply of money, adding, that she owed her young mistress far more than was in her power to repay;—she owed to her the knowledge of God, and the "peace which passeth understanding!" We will not attempt to describe the feelings which were mutually too deep for expression. Admiration, astonishment, and gratitude, on the one hand; respect, affection, and gratified delight, on the other! The generous offer was not accepted, but was declined upon the only condition which could at all reconcile the refusal, to the noble-minded being who tendered it, that in any hour of future need her assistance

would be claimed without reserve; that having saved a small provision, then at interest, from the earnings of her late husband's honest industry, she would at any time gladly remit twenty pounds or more as speedily as she could herself draw it out; adding again, "Remember, you are welcome to it all, as though it were your own." Apparently lightened of a heavy weight, the faithful creature hastily took leave, and the sufferer, when again alone, could only look up and thank God for the multitude of His consolations, and marvel at the wonderful providences of Him who hath truly said, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber;" while she felt how far "better it is to be of an humble mind with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud."—O! if the rich would but give of their plenty as nobly as the poor are often seen to give freely of their hard-earned mite, what blessings might be within their power to bestow, the blessedness of *giving*, and the twofold blessedness of giving *well*!

To return to our argument; are there not also many instances in which a pious nurse

has been eminently useful, in imparting the lessons of early piety to the children of her charge? and who, in the evening of her life, is still cherished among them as a second mother to themselves, and a friend honoured and beloved by her superiors. We constantly hear it asserted, that a faithful and well-principled servant is a *rare* treasure. It may be so: but why? Because no pains are taken to render them this, or to engage their affections, without which duty is a heavy task. We ask a mother, what she would expect from others, to whom she might consign the interests of daughters young and inexperienced,—or, in fact, at any age? Would she think well of such, who not only totally neglected their spiritual advancement, perhaps denying them even the public service of the sabbath-day, although strict in requiring most unremitting attention to those things in which her own selfish interests are concerned, and highly displeased if these be in any measure neglected? And yet there *are* mothers, who, while they could not bear this towards their own daughters, nevertheless act thus to the

parents of their household charges. And how often do we see servants left to themselves in duties connected with the soul's religion—duties, in comparison with which all others are indeed secondary, yet receive warning for the slightest breach of obedience against a master's will ! Can such inconsistency command respect, or merit the love of those on whom the comfort of a home so largely depends ? Then, even according to mere *worldly wisdom*, how important is it that we teach a servant first to obey their God, that towards ourselves they may not be disobedient with impunity ! Indulgence, kindness, and forbearance, are all quite compatible with strict moral and religious discipline, and these we surely owe towards our dependents, who must exercise so much towards ourselves. Yet it is lamentable to see in many families how little the *comfort* of a servant is considered. Required to rise early, and to take late rest ;—their day of toil succeeded still by labour, which is beyond their strength and spirits ; they become careless of pleasing, and reckless of doing right. Premature in-

firmities, or some vital disease, result from this unfair expenditure of bodily energy ; and if they survive the wreck of this, it is to pine away in poverty and sorrow ; a suppliant for public alms, long, long before they need have sought the boon, had they been spared the enervating effects of late hours, over-fatigue, and exertion beyond the natural powers of physical strength. We look upon the ruin with aching hearts, while we know the devastating work is going on in the very homes of thousands, who are themselves revelling in luxury, heedless of its woe on others, thoughtless, unconscious, perhaps, of the waste of human life and human happiness which it involves ! But a time must come, when Dives shall yearn for the poor man's blessing, and wish he had earlier remembered God in his prosperity.

A young girl was personally known to me a few years since, who left her home at eighteen, full of health, energy, and spirits, to enter the service of a noble lady. She had learnt mantua-making and millinery, at considerable expense to her parents, for the purpose of taking a superior place ; and when I first saw

her, she was a remarkably fine, robust, cheerful-looking girl, delighted by the prospect of so good a situation, as dressmaker and waiting-maid to the lady and elder daughters of a nobleman, residing in one of the western counties of England. When I next saw her, scarcely more than a twelvemonth subsequently to her departure, she had recently returned to her parents, dangerously ill; pronounced to be in a lingering consumption, brought on entirely by too great press of work, and want of sufficient rest. She was then so greatly altered, that it was scarcely possible to recognise her. Wasted in form, languid, depressed, and unable to walk without support, from the swelling of her feet, so completely was nature exhausted, that she could do little else than lie down and sleep; but it was sleep which neither refreshed nor renovated her. She told me, that from the time of her leaving home to that of her return, she had seldom been in bed before two o'clock in the morning, being required to assist the undressing of her lady, who very rarely retired before one; and that she was compelled to

rise again at six, in readiness to take some coffee to her mistress soon after that hour. The ladies, she said, were all affable and kind to her, but her work was never done, and frequently she sat up the whole night to complete her task, especially during the winter months, when her young ladies went out to dances and balls. It was then she began to feel her strength decline, her feet swell, and her appetite decrease: but as it was a lucrative place, and she knew the disappointment it would be to her parents did she so soon resign it, she resolved to "keep up," hoping that in summer, which was then approaching, she would have less to do. She thought it was the late hours, more than anything else, which had destroyed her constitution. But summer came; her strength gradually declined, her lady obtained medical advice for her, and she was ordered home, as unfit for longer service!

On the other hand, there is great evil in a system of unreasonable indulgence. We should consider the *future* for our servants, as well as their present happiness; and if we

accustom them to luxuries, or encourage them in the love of ease, and permit them to dress inconsistently with their station of life, we do them cruel injury. The poor man cannot give a wife, thus trained, the comforts to which she has, perhaps for years, been accustomed in the service of her superiors; and to this may be traced the wretchedness of so many, who, as wives and mothers, are unfit for their humbler duties; discontented with their allotment, and so incapable of enduring the privations of a laborious and frugal home, that all at last is ruin, improvidence, disorder, and dissatisfaction around them. The husband is worn out by the unreasonable complaints of his wife;—the wife disappointed that he refuses to spend his earnings upon her inconsistent claims. He becomes an alien from his family, if not a drunkard; and *she*, a pining, unhappy, careless wife!

Neither is it well to admit anything like undue familiarity, compromising the line of demarcation which God Himself has wisely placed betwixt the master and the menial. The one must command, the other must obey.

The sceptre is an emblem of a master's trust ; the footstool, that of a servant's duty. But if the servant cannot be the equal of his lord, he may be his friend and his protector ; and if a master cannot be the companion of his servant, he should surely be his guardian and his guide.

As to the excuse, which too often trifles with the higher principles of christian government, that a mistress has *no right* to exercise authority or restraint over the religious duties of her dependants, if not interfering with those exclusively attaching to their appointed office ; we can only say, that we find no warrant *in Scripture* for such a limitation ; and it is a grievous thing to see a professedly christian master or mistress, regardless of such important considerations, leaving their servants on a Sunday to go to a place of worship or not, as suits their own convenience ; even giving sanction to a total neglect of God's commands, in making *that* day their holiday, no matter where it is passed, or how it is engaged. Is this in accordance with the solemn charge, embodied in that empha-

tic law, "the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work"—nor "thy *man-servant*, nor thy *maid-servant*;" a commandment decidedly involving *compulsion* on the part of the master towards all those placed under his control, where God's decrees are paramount to his own will or right. Look at the picture of a violated sabbath described by Nehemiah, and which bears strongly upon this very question. The people of Tyre were openly selling all manner of fish, ware, &c. in the streets of Jerusalem. Did Nehemiah accuse *them* as the chief aggressors? Or, with whom was the prophet commanded to contend? *Not* with the men of Tyre, but with the *nobles* of Judah: "what evil thing is this *ye* do, and profane the sabbath-day? Did not your fathers thus; and did not our God bring all this evil upon us and upon this city? Yet *ye* bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the sabbath." Thus decidedly intimating, that they who *permitted* the evil on the part of those placed under their authority and governance, were the persons most responsible for

that evil—nay, the very *doers* of the iniquity complained of. “What evil thing is this ye do, and profane the sabbath day? Nor were the restrictions of this law in any measure abrogated or compromised, either by the example or the precepts of our blessed Lord. They, who had learnt of Him, and followed Him unto death, would not so much as embalm His sacred body on the day hallowed by Jehovah! No; with hearts overwhelmed by anguish and sorrow; yearning to fulfil the last sad duties for one whom they so dearly loved, those devoted women—there, at the very grave of their Redeemer, remembered God, and would not—dared not break, even for *His sake*, the sabbath law! They “returned and prepared spices and ointments; and *rested* the sabbath day, *according to the commandment*; going “very early” the ensuing morning to accomplish their last work of love and duty! Yes; and to be faithful to our work, we must deprecate the custom, too generally familiar, of giving as a day of pleasure that so sacredly set apart by God to works of christian mercy and christian ministrations.

We will not spare our servants one day from *our* six ; but we care not, that they waste the "*seventh*, because it is *the Lord's* ! The objection applies not where a servant can pass the Sunday in the bosom of a christian home, to go with a pious parent, or brother or sister, to the worship of God ; but where we are not assured of this, we see not how a master can conscientiously consent to absence on the sabbath day.

That servants should have recreation is, nevertheless, not only right, but very essential. Their situation should be rendered, as far as possible, an indulgent and happy *home*. They should surely be permitted stated periods, if only a few hours once a week or fortnight, at their own disposal. This might be done without encroaching on higher duties, either towards God or their employers, and be a great encouragement in well-doing. We have also seen the good effects of making a servant take part with us in our pursuits as regards the poor, giving to each the charge of a district ; and to such as are competent, the office of teacher in a Sunday school. This

affords them objects of useful interest, occupies their own minds profitably, and gives them a fellowship with ourselves in the “family of God !”

Another consideration worthy of importance is, the economy of a servant's wages. Over this, a master certainly has no right to hold imperative control ; but *persuasion* may do much to induce a quarterly assignment from their earnings to the savings bank, as provision for a time of need or old age ; and if a servant be judiciously restrained in her style of dress, there will be little temptation to throw away her wages upon frivolous and useless expenditure : and a master also confers a lasting benefit, who, to encourage this, adds a yearly contribution to the amount saved, where a servant merits the reward. Indeed, a gratuitous boon so disposed, may probably tend far more to the real interests of our dependants, than giving them a high rate of nominal wages, which in many instances offers great temptation to extravagance, and renders them dissatisfied in service, where the income of an employer is

not adequate to such demands, although in all other respects the situation may be a really advantageous one.

Having thus endeavoured to trace the causes of so much immorality among the lower classes of our population, and ventured to suggest means for its prevention, I would now fain hope, that, through God's blessing, the subject will become one of yet deeper consideration among those whose active influence could do so far more towards a practical reformation, than any theory urged upon grounds of private opinion. But would indeed that they, to whom we have more especially addressed ourselves, could personally investigate the evidences of living proof in the penitentiaries of England, and in the prisons of Australia; for these would surely speak to the heart of every philanthropist, in language more powerful than the most elaborate appeal of descriptive eloquence could do. O! let it be no longer, then, as a blot upon the escutcheon of our country, that so many of our female poor should, year after year, be exposed to the degrading

sentence of imprisonment, and to the yet more miserable necessity of transportation ; when, in the majority of cases, neither the one nor the other need become the alternative of justice, if mercy but found handmaids among the rich and the influential, to execute her work of sympathy, and to sheath the avenging sword of judgment with the strong arm of christian love and christian instruction. Alas ! why is it that from year to year she still wings her way from heaven to earth, bearing in one hand the “ glad tidings of good will towards man ; ” and in the other, the censer for the prayers and works of faith, which are alone meet for the sacrifice of a Saviour’s altar ; and yet, return again and again with the message despised, and the censer still overflowing with the tears and complaints of those whom England *might*, but *will not* save, and whom Australia might, but *will not* reform ! This may be deemed the mere figure of a vivid imagination ; nevertheless it is a figure too closely parallel with reality to be ridiculed or disputed. For if Jesus wept over Jerusalem, because in the midst of light there was

darkness, and because, while salvation was at hand, sin struggled for mastery, how much more would he weep over *us*, as a nation which, favoured above all other nations of the world, abounds in rebellion against the “living God;” sending forth sin to multiply ten-fold in a land, which, given to Britain as a future trophy of evangelical conversion, demands our *religion*, and not our *vices*. And yet, England has turned that land into a prison of moral captivity, far worse than the bondage of heathen ignorance, in which Australian children sinned, perhaps, the “sin which is not unto death;” because, unconscious of a Saviour God, they have broken no law, despised no covenant, and taken no part, as *we* have done, in crucifying the “Lord of Life,” the “Lamb,” slain for peace in *their* borders, as well as for peace in our own. And shall Australia, then, that fair land of hope and promise, be for ever left thus, the charnel-ground for all that England in her supineness casts away as refuse, unworthy of her own rich soil? Is it for *this* that the boon of an unowned but populated continent has

been consigned to her fostering care? No; it was rather that she might send forth her sons to prepare the wilderness for the "Tree of Life;" and her daughters to stand as "polished corners of a temple," in which the dark features of Australian aborigines should be lighted up with the sweet homage of prayer and praise, and the lips of her children lisp the new song of "Glory to God in the highest;" "saying, worthy the Lamb that was slain."—"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!"

But let it be so no more. Let every heart which beats within the bosom of a Briton, respond to our appeal in behalf of English poor, and of Australian prisoners; that the one may grow rich in christian piety, and the other rejoice as being made free in Jesus, our common deliverer. For, who could look upon Australia, and not feel, that although a blight has indeed passed over her, she yet sits in the beauty of natural magnificence, as a bride prepared for the "marriage garment;" and had they, who were bidden to bring her

to the banquet, been faithful in the mission, she need not thus long have languished as a slave, in place of rising to the sovereignty of a queen. But the "pearl of price" is not yet in her diadem, and without it, every sceptre of human power is but as a broken reed, and every coronet but as the badge of captivity.

It is not our purpose, nor within the limits of our present work, to enter upon the localities of Australia either as a country or as a colony. My own opportunities were too limited, to render me a fair judge of its general character, and ill health prevented a more extensive range of observation. But many an abler pen than mine has made it the field of authorship, and many more are likely to enter the lists of its historians. Besides which, it has been, and still is, a sort of *chameleon* in the moral world, on whose colours few persons are found to agree. For myself, however, if I cannot beguile the sanguine inquirer by the strong lights of its brightest hues, neither would I discourage by the too sombre shadings which some have

thrown around the mystical enchanter. It is, as I have before said, a land of hope and promise, but I would fain warn those who dream of emigration, to beware of exaggerated report; for there is much to be done, and much to be endured, before that hope can be realized, or the promise obliterated by accomplishment. This is but the seed-time of that infant colony. Its labourers have yet to plough the land and furrow the soil, before their children, or their children's children, can "sit under the fig-tree," reaping the harvest which their fathers had planted, and binding the sheaves of ease and independence. Happy are they, however, who, with youth and health, and energy of mind and body, can go there as labourers indeed, taking with them the faith of a missionary, and the devotedness of an apostle; to bear and to forbear, outward toils and inward trials. But they who leave England to see an Eden, beneath the bright skies of an Australian sun, will surely find that they have left the fruit-tree for the thistle and the thorn. To woman this may more especially apply; and many there are whose testimony

would bear me out, while I thus warn against the delusive vision, which has drawn numbers away from the substantial enjoyments of an English home. It may be, indeed, that in that home there are trials too; but they are blended with blessings which are not elsewhere, and which—shame be it said—must be lost altogether, before they are sought for again, as treasures worthy of a grateful and contented mind.

The climate of Australia, or rather of New South Wales, (for I cannot speak of the continent generally,) has been, I think, especially magnified, as among the brightest of her many gems; and so it is, if *climate* means no more than skies, over which for weeks together a cloud is scarcely seen to pass. But when said that it knows neither the extremes of heat or cold, is subject to no sudden changes of temperature, and that it “wakens all nature to verdure and to song;” he who thinks so, must be as one whom I once heard ingeniously described as “having a heart of mail, nerves of iron, and a mind troubled by nothing but the sickness of a storm at sea.” The winter

months of Australia, from June to September, are, I grant, almost perfection, resembling one long unvaried May, such as poets have painted that spring-time of *our* year; but this is followed by a summer whose sun is, indeed, enough to annihilate all nerves, save those of our friend the iron man. The very remembrance of its hot winds brings fever heat to veins of mortal flesh and blood. O! when I have looked upon that cloudless sky, and vainly struggled to find one breath of air, to bring freedom once more to lungs panting beneath the weight of atmospheric pressure; how have I turned my longing thoughts to the sweet summers of England, which, with all their changes of cloud and mist, of sunshine and dew, are far more to be desired than those golden gleams of an unshadowed sun, which we too often envy because we know not what they are. The sunset comes, indeed, as a time of unparalleled glory! the dark blue canopy of heaven glittering with all its thousand worlds, lighted by the soft and lucid streams of the Aurora Australis, playing in the firmament like rivers of silver, or flying

like meteors of rosy crystal. But even on these the eye may not long take rest, or the heart repose. Blistered by the stings of mosquitoes, ants, and hosts of other insects without name or number, soon is the mortal called back to mourn its mortality, and to depart from the beauteous vista of celestial glories, to seek shelter from entomological martyrdom, and that, too, where retreat is but a choice of evils, so little were the houses of Australia, their rooms all built upon the ground-floor, calculated to afford protection from the rays of a tropical sun, which penetrates a shingled roof, with a power not to be remedied by the brief shadows of a midsummer night. Nor is it true, that the Australian climate is subject to no sudden changes; so far from it, in *summer* it is more so than our own. Often have I known intense heat succeeded by such chilling gusts of wind, that in the course of twenty-four hours we have been faint with heat, and yet glad to have a fire, and to exchange the lightest clothing for shawls and flannel. Its "*verdure*" I saw not, the grass being of a very coarse kind, and generally

both parched and brown. The foliage also can scarcely be called green, the gum-tree, with which the bush abounds, being of a sombre hue, never changing with the seasons. The underwood is, however, beautiful, the *Mimosa* tribe especially, growing most luxuriantly: and for its "*song*," if, in that, be implied the "melody of birds," I heard it not; the shrill tones of the laughing jack-ass, the monotonous note of the bell-bird, and the mournful note of the curlew, being the only minstrelsy which reached us from the woods. The smaller birds, indeed, are beautiful to the eye, and, mingling with the parrots of a thousand hues, glitter like jewels as they fly in the sunshine from tree to tree; and if Australia be not without great drawbacks, it is nevertheless a magnificent country, with many advantages, promising future greatness.

And emigration may doubtless be a wise and profitable undertaking to a man who, with a large and unprovided family, can have few resources in England adequate to his claims; or to the young adventurer, who, with health and dauntless energy, goes forth

prepared to fight manfully with difficulties and privations, requiring patience, resolution, self-denial, and above all, principles of uncompromising integrity, to pass unscathed through an ordeal of temptation, confident only in the strength of his God. In such cases, Australia offers a wide field for successful exertion, whether for missionary labours or those of private speculation. But to all others would I say, leave not the favoured shores of our native country without most urgent reasons for so doing. A moderate income in England, individually, is better than a fortune in foreign lands; for blessings mingle with the one, which the other cannot, elsewhere, purchase; blessings for which the spirit must often yearn, and the heart languish to regain. I have traversed far and wide: have beheld the exquisite scenery of the Rhine in all the luxuriance of its vintage time. I have gazed upon the mountain barriers of Saxony, and revelled amid the beautiful and verdant valleys of Bohemia; and so long as memory can retain one grateful thought of Albertine, her tender mother, and her generous, father, my

heart must treasure the remembrance of Bohemian gems; and of many an evening, which, if I *could*, I would enjoy again ! And mine eyes have rested with delighted wonder upon the magnificence of Rio de Janeiro ; its towering rocks, and yet loftier mountains ; its glowing skies, and silvery waters ; its birds of beauty, its valleys fertile with rarest fruits and flowers ; and all these too, would I, if I could, behold once more. But never—never have I seen aught like mine own island-home ! Home, did I say ?—Yes ; for if I have no spot on earth which I can designate as this, I look on England, and feel, that in *herself* she is my home ! Let clouds overshadow her sun, as they may, there is sunshine enough to brighten her summers with the gladness of “the fruit-time and harvest ;” and if her winters bring snow, she has a fire-side, however homely it may be, where winter is welcomed, and the heart warmed with domestic blessings, universally acknowledged to be *peculiar* to a British hearth ! And above all, O who can calculate the thousand streams of mercy flowing far and wide from

her treasury of *Bibles*, giving “light and life,”—hope and consolation to millions, who, but for England, as God’s machinery, had never known where, when bending beneath the storms of human life, to seek the city of the New Jerusalem, whose “gates of pearl” are opened by our risen Saviour for every people, and sect, and nation, which shall learn of Him, and *believe*!—that city, where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall be any more pain;” for the glory of the Lord is in it, and “the Lamb is the light thereof.”

Then, “what manner of people” should *we* be, who are thus honoured and blessed? Should we seek peace in the sinful pleasures of the world, whose friends are the enemies of God? Or, neglect for these, the “little flock” which we are commanded to “feed,” if we indeed love Him, by whom England has been exalted? No; rather let us arise, and “light our lamps,” and “gird our loins,” for the warfare of sin’s last struggle, to fight on the side of Emmanuel, not on the side of His

great antagonist ! Let the Gospel be our banner, faith the outworks of our city, and *love to God*, the wings on which our every thought shall rise, borne heavenward by the Holy Ghost, to merge into the will of God : that, made one in Christ, even as Christ is one with the Father, every soul within the British realms may rejoice when the Bridegroom is at hand ; and England stand forth a purified church, arrayed in the garments of her Saviour's righteousness—even as a Bride, “without blemish and without spot !”

And though the battle-ground is “strait and narrow,” and the warfare fierce, through which a christian must “wrestle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places ;” yet we need not be dismayed. As “fearful sheep,” we have but to “hearken unto the voice of our Shepherd,” and follow Him, who, however “strait the gate,” and “narrow the way,” will sweetly lead us to paths of peace and to the fountain of “living waters,” where at the right hand of God are “pleasures for

evermore." Pleasures !—must the Christian then forego all pleasure *here*? O! surely not: for if "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," because sin was conquered, and death destroyed; need we seek higher joys than to "convert the sinner from the error of his way," and lead him to where death hath no sting—the grave no victory? And, "if the angels in heaven" rejoice because of mercy, need *we* seek higher pleasures than to "bind the broken heart," to feed the hungry, clothe the poor, to "visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world?"

Lord, to *my* heart, let earth as heaven be;
A world of *pleasure*,—when "I live to Thee!"

C. A.

THE END.

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